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*IN this issue we print our views upon the coming political Conventions. To be brief, an independent journal like The Outlook, owing fealty to no party, can support only that Presidential candidate who makes the most honest analysis of the country's problems, who offers the clearest, most constructive solution; whose party management is most above reproach; who has within himself a clear conception of his guiding beliefs, and who possesses the proven ability to do what he proposes. Whether this be the Democratic candidate or the Republican, the events of the next few weeks will determine.*

*THE Republican Convention meets first. Will its leaders, before they tell us about the achievements of the last two Administrations, express any condemnation for the things that have been left undone? Will they voice any concern over those interests of the people which have been left undefended? Will they show any indignation over the scandal of Tea Pot Dome, the little green house on K Street, and the situation disclosed by the Will Hays-Sinclair mess?*

*WE believe that the majority of the people would like to ask the Republican leaders what guaranty they propose to furnish that their party management this time will be honest and zealous in protecting the people's interests? Have they any political beliefs beyond the camouflage and pussy-footing which have so far characterized the campaign? If they have such beliefs, do they dare to embody them in a plain statement (not a bombastic platform)? Finally, do they dare select a standard-bearer who will mean what he says, be not afraid to say it, and prove that he has a positive, constructive program which he will try to enact into law?*

*PROHIBITION, we remember, was brought about, not through either major party, but through outside efforts. Will it be the same with its modification or enforcement? With farm relief? With the disposition of the power resources of the country? Will all the vital things gradually become questions with which our political parties are afraid to deal?*

*Business and government are growing more complex every year. More and more Washington calls for men who possess the genius for making our problems simple and understandable. Are our political parties going to recognize this? Or are they going to dodge all realities and play politics again? And simply nominate some one they think can win?*

Francis Rufus Bellamy



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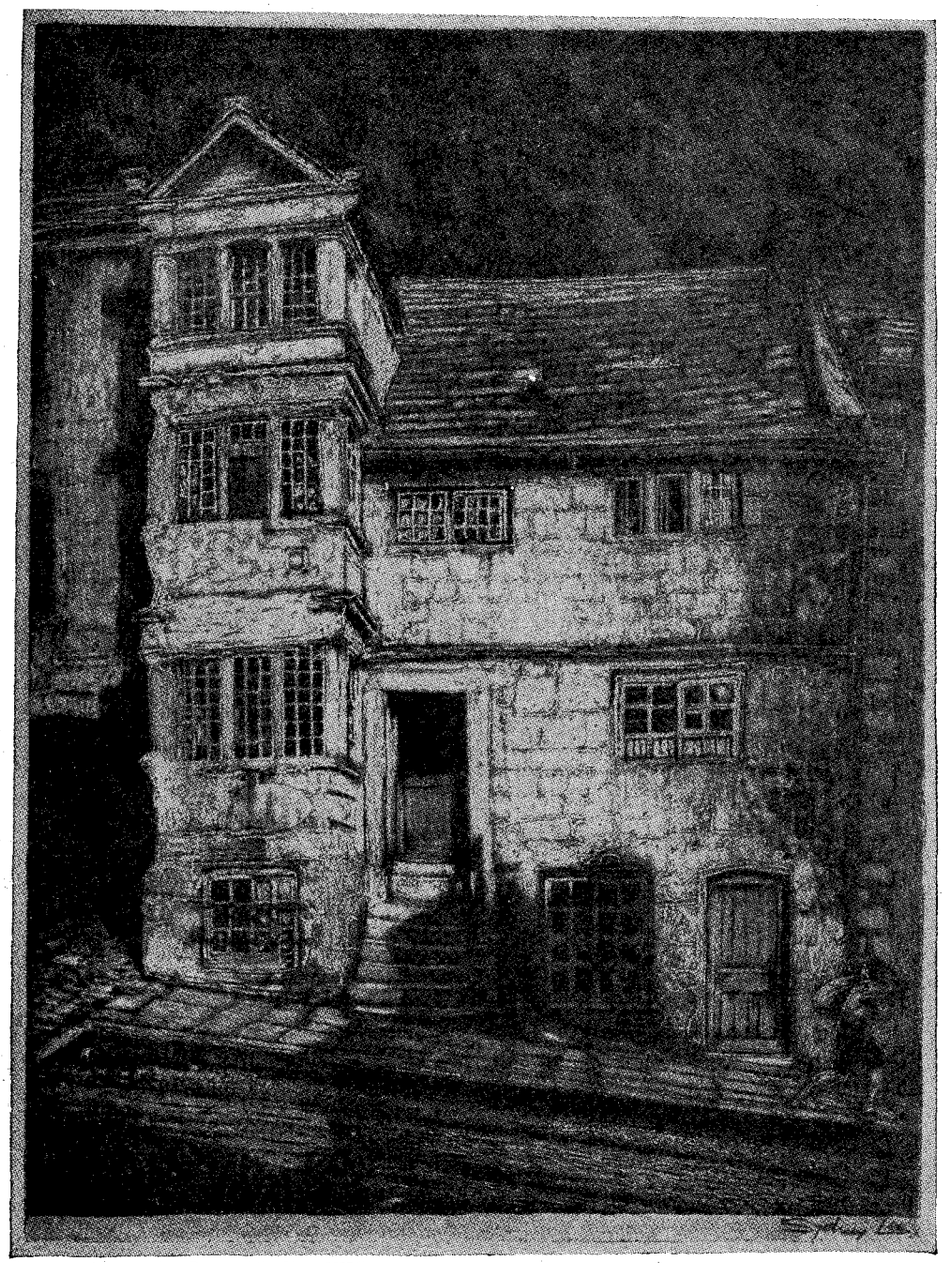

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927."

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

**Aquatint by Sydney Lee, A.R.A., R.E.**

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# The Outlook

June 13, 1928

# The World This Week

### *Kansas City*

THE most highly charged Republican National Convention since that of 1912 is gathering in Kansas City as this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. The overcharge may flow harmlessly away through a ground wire, but potentialities of shock are many. Deadlock, bolt, drafting of Coolidge, are among the spectacular things regarded as possible.

Pre-convention activities in the open ended with two questions uppermost and unanswered: What is the effect of Hoover's defeat by Senator Goff in West Virginia? and, Will the farm revolt materialize at Kansas City sufficiently to affect results or even to disturb proceedings?

Mr. Hoover entered three favorite-son States. He won in Ohio against Willis, dead, and lost in Indiana and West Virginia. Successive defeats at the hands of "Jim" Watson and Guy Goff did not increase his prestige, though by how much they diminished it is not certain.

On the Democratic side in the last contest, Smith swept uninterruptedly on, winning the preferential vote and about half of the delegates from West Virginia. However, the close race given him by Senator Reed in this most Northernly inclined of the border States showed him as not quite the universal choice that he has sometimes appeared.

As to the farm revolt, fourteen States with a combined delegate strength of 380 were in line to send marching clubs to Kansas City to protest the Administration's treatment of the McNary-Haugen plan and to demand what the farm organizations want in platform and candidate. Meanwhile, the Executive Committee of the Corn Belt Federation served notice on the Republican Party that "it will not tolerate the selection of such a man as Hoover or Coolidge." A bolt of millions who voted for Coolidge in 1924 is threatened.

From private sources in the corn country, however, come reports that enthusiasm for the revolt is not great and predictions that the army of protest at Kansas City will not be large.

### *China Reunified*

THE Chinese Nationalists, who started two years ago on their seemingly hopeless campaign from Canton, have brought under their sway all of China within the Great Wall and captured from the northern militarists the capital city of Peking. It is as if a band of reformers should start out from San Francisco to capture Washington—and succeed.

Chang Tso-lin, the northern dictator, has relinquished Peking, announced an end of the civil war, and acceded to the Japanese warning against any extension of disorder to Manchuria by retiring to his capital at Mukden without fighting. Thus he has saved his skin—but not his face—and becomes a negligible official dependent on Japanese protection for safety.

Japan declares that it has been her policy to open the way for the victory of the Nationalists and the unification of China. But the Nationalists challenge her assumption of a special position of authority in Manchuria, and in their territory anti-Japanese agitation and a movement for an anti-Japanese boycott are spreading.

One of the first moves of the triumphant Nationalists undoubtedly will be to move for a revision of all the old Chinese treaties with foreign Powers and for a completely new deal in the relations between China and the rest of the world. They have indicated that by demanding, in April, revision of Portugal's treaty of 1888 on a basis of entire equality. And one of the first tests of the Nationalists will be whether they themselves can hold together. They have three military leaders—General Chiang Kai-shek of Canton, General Feng Yu-hsiang of Chili, and General Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi—the first two of whom may be particularly eager of power. But the civil administration of the Nationalists at Nanking, directed by the long-headed Tan Yen-kai, seems likely to be able to hold control.

### *Colombia—Dry Off and On*

THE Republic of Colombia is trying out a new liquor law. On June 1 the legal sale of liquor was barred between the hours of 4 P.M. and 8 A.M. Colombia will therefore be under a dry régime for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, and in addition will be entirely dry on Sundays and holidays.

That a Latin country should attempt to enforce a Sunday closing law is a fact worthy of notice. We hope that Bogota will have better luck with its Sunday closing law than did New York before the passage of the Volstead Act.

### *America to Australia by Air*

MIDWAY between Hawaii and the Fiji Islands, as we write, the Southern Cross seems quite likely (barring disaster) to finish within a few hours its astounding flight of 3,200 miles over the Pacific. She will then face the last of her three steps from California to Australia. From Oakland to Brisbane the distance is 7,288 miles.

If careful planning and study of prob-



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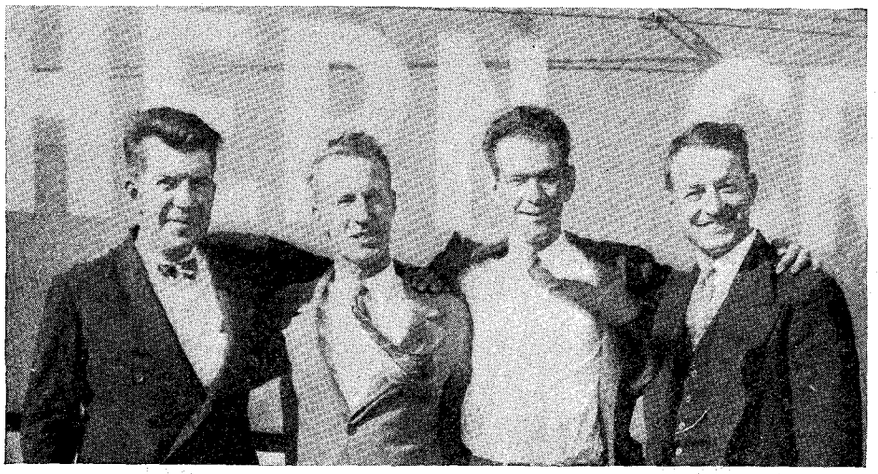

FOUR MORE FLIERS

**attempt to conquer the Pacific in a flight from Oakland, California, to Australia. From left to right, they are Harry W. Lyon, navigator; Captain Kingsford-Smith, pilot; Charles Ulm, relief pilot; and James Warner, radio operator**

lems may assure success, this American-Australian flight should gain victory. The Southern Cross is a three-motor Fokker with Wright Whirlwind engines. One of the requisites laid down by Commander Byrd in his just-published article of warning entitled "Don't Let Them Die" is that long over-ocean flights should be made only in multi-engine planes; another is equipment for landing on water with ability to keep afloat; a third is thorough knowledge of navigation. To the ignoring of these conditions Byrd attributes many of the fatalities of last summer. The Southern Cross meets these requirements; of her four adventurers, two are skilled pilots, one is a navigator, one is a radio operator, and all are experienced aviators; the fact that two (Lieutenant Lyon and James Warden) are Americans and two (Captain Kingsford-Smith and Captain Ulm) are Australians with fine war records gives an international quality to their joint undertaking.

The steady, assured voyage of the Southern Cross from Oakland to Wheeler Field, Hawaii (2,400 miles in 27½ hours), was an evidence of skill and coolness. On June 3 the plane took off easily from the Kauai field, and six hours later was reported by radio as having made 600 miles of the long trip to Suva Island. The fliers seemed confident that they had fuel enough to last, but admitted that it was possible that they might have to descend at Canton, a mere sand-spit, 1,270 miles north of Suva; even so, fuel, it is thought, could be obtained by radio message in three days.

Meanwhile search for Nobile's party is slowly getting under way. They may quite possibly be subsisting on their extra supplies and on hunting somewhere in the ice-fields beyond Spitsbergen, and they may be found by airplane search. Men have been lost in the Arctic region for years, and still have been found. A French explorer, Dr. Charcot, comments: "So long as a man lost in the Arctic has a jacknife and matches, never despair."

### *Overlords of Vice*

In Chicago, that always interesting city, they have been surveying crime and are finding it in a healthy state, well organized and deftly interlocked. They have also been probing into the 1926 killing of William McSwiggin, Assistant State's Attorney, who was murdered by machine-gun fire while in the company of gangsters and beer-runners. Students of crime in this afflicted section of the country believe that this unsolved murder is the missing link in making the connection between politics and crime in Chicago.

The survey was conducted by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, with funds supplied by the Carnegie Foundation.

"On the whole," says Judge Andrew A. Bruce, President of the Institute, "the survey gives to the public an amazing story of interlocking interests of gambling, bootlegging, vice, and politics; and the use of gangsters by certain lines of legitimate business as a means of destroying competition.

"Administrations come and go, but the overlord of vice continues in power. Gambling, prostitution, and liquor selling can only exist on a profitable basis by the consent of officials. But the bootleggers, gamblers, and operators of commercialized vice houses cannot depend upon the regularly constituted agencies of law for protection from competitors in their own class. The courts are closed to them."

Here, Judge Bruce points out, there is more work for the gunmen.

"The syndicate having the largest force of gunmen is best able to enforce its claims to supremacy, and in turn is most likely to be favored by the politicians who engineer official protection."

This exposé of the rule of vice may be one of the reasons why the church people are continuing to pray, as they did before the April primaries, for their candidates in the judicial elections that are pending at this writing. It may be, too, that certain of Judge Bruce's remarks were taken to heart by Mr. Morris Becker, proprietor of the Sanitary Cleaning Shops, Inc.

For ten years, despatches say, Mr. Becker's shops have been burned, his employees assaulted, robbed, and threatened by the gunmen of his rivals. Now, it is announced, Mr. Becker's principal partner is Mr. Al (Scarface) Capone.

"I now have no need of the State's Attorney or the Police Department," Mr. Becker says. "I have the best protection in the world."

Mr. Capone is one of Chicago's overlords of vice. He was a suspect in the McSwiggin case, and his name appears frequently in the survey of crime.

### *Nearer a Pledge Against War*

Secretary Kellogg's plan for a general agreement by the Powers to renounce war as an instrument of national policy and settle all disputes by pacific methods continues to make progress.

Acting on a suggestion from Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Kellogg sent an invitation to all the British Dominions to join in the agreement. Canada, the Irish Free State, Australia, and New Zealand have sent their acceptances. Only South Africa and India are to be heard from, and the expectation is that their replies will be favorable.

Meanwhile President Coolidge, speaking on Memorial Day at Gettysburg, has added his approval publicly, and taken occasion to indicate that Mr. Kellogg's draft for a treaty is only to be taken as a means to facilitate discussion by indicating what our Government would agree to. In other words, the phraseology and provisions may be modified within reason to meet the views of all the Powers concerned and make possible a final accord.



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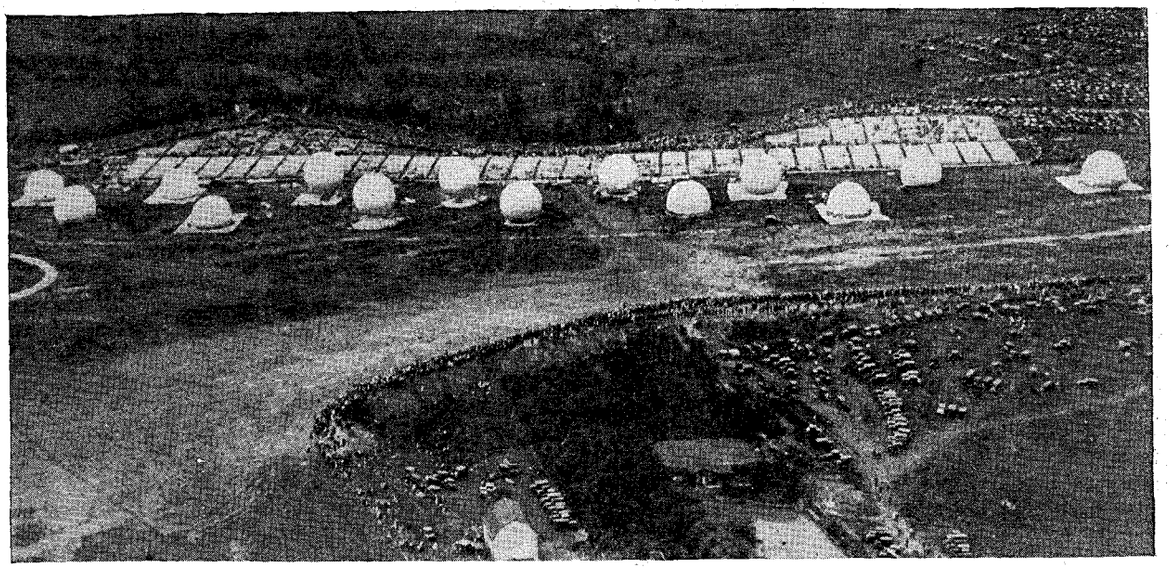

Acme

THE LINE-UP

**of balloons ready to take the air in the National Elimination Balloon Race in Pittsburgh on Memorial Day. Only three finished, and the pilots of two were killed and others injured in a thunder-storm**

France has shown that she now believes it practicable to work out a form that all can sign. But the thorny question has been raised whether Soviet Russia shall be asked to adhere to the treaty, and whether any understanding would be effective and satisfactory with Russia out of it. Both the United States and Great Britain are known to oppose an invitation to Russia now and to discount the good faith of any Soviet promise. In any event, when matters have progressed so far, it does not seem likely that this consideration would block the negotiation of a treaty which all the other Powers would be willing to sign.

### *When Religion Slips*

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick had this to say about the current concern with religion:

"Multitudes of people are trying to save religion. Sometimes they are trying to save their own religion; they feel it slipping; they have not much left of the original capital with which their childhood homes endowed them; they are somewhat desperately clinging to as much religion as they have left and hope that they can save it.

"Many other folk are sure about their own religion, but they are trying to save the religion of the churches. They go about steadying the ark; they are deeply in earnest, often militant, sometimes hysterical. They are sure that religion somehow must be saved.

"For my part, I am through trying to save religion. That seems to me a fallacious method of approach. The proposition upon which we are to put our minds . . . is that the only successful way to save religion is to get a religion that will save us. That distinction is profoundly important. If we are trying to save our religion, we are on the wrong track; the right track is the discovery of a religion that will save us."

To what Dr. Fosdick says we add that when we cease to try to save our religion we begin to think honestly about it. Professor Leuba's article in this issue may not compel agreement in the mind of the reader, but it will impel to honest and fearless thinking. A religion we cannot think fearlessly about is not worth saving.

### *Harvard Wins*

Harvard has been declared the winner of the recent "brain tilt"—as the headline writers put it—with Yale. Two teams of ten men from each University, men chosen for their intellectual abilities, took an examination in English literature on April 30. The papers were graded by a committee of neutral professors, a long and arduous task.

A Harvard-Yale football game is treated with solemnity and dignity. Special writers are assigned to write thousands of words about its various features. Their treatment of the contest is reverential, as befits a contest of international importance.

But the recent innovation at Yale and Harvard, based on intelligence rather than brawn, becomes a "brain tilt," "grind battle," a "gray matter Derby." The whole thing seems to be very humorous. As a matter of fact, the undergraduates of both Yale and Harvard have given the contest definite indorsement. There were many applicants for the two teams. The prize was $5,000 worth of books, paid for through an endowment provided by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam in memory of her husband. The books will be given to the Harvard English Department.

### *Country Doctors*

Last summer the members of the National Grange appealed to the American Medical Association to "avert a general breakdown in rural medical service" and cited statistics to show that the average age of country doctors was fifty-two. Since the average doctor dies at sixty-two, it was pointed out, something must be done within a decade.

The problem of medical care for the rural resident has been a troublesome one for many years. Doctors, in the great majority of cases, no longer train themselves for general practice. Instead, they become specialists, and must live in the cities to make a living. In addition, the country dweller is beginning to go to the city for expert assistance. He does this, that is, if he can afford to do so. And what it means is that the country doctors treat an increasing number of people unable to pay any fees at all.

The Albany Medical College is now undertaking to remedy this really grave situation. With an endowment of $2,000,000, about to be raised, the College intends to train doctors for general practice and to form an alliance with graduates in the field which will help them in the struggle for existence. Graduate courses will be offered for the rural physician. The people of the country districts will be urged to go to their local physicians.



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But the Albany Medical College can hardly accomplish a great deal outside of New York State. A similar program is needed in nearly every State in the Union.

### *Miss Tarbell Is Troubled*

In this issue The Outlook publishes the story of a woman who used to believe that prohibition would prohibit; and, picking up the current "Delineator," we find that Miss Ida M. Tarbell is similarly disillusioned.

The historian of Standard Oil wonders if prohibition is not actually becoming a menace to temperance; if it "is any longer serving as a guaranty of temperance, whether it may not be that, having accomplished its revolutionary purpose—the destruction of the saloon—it is not actually becoming a hindrance to further progress and may not in a few years, if things go on as they are, become a menace to the degree of temperance by choice which the country had achieved before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted."

The trouble seems to be that Miss Tarbell, as a traveling lecturer, can't escape contact with actualities. She sees liquor in the Pullmans, smells it on the porter's breath, and is kept awake by the carousers in hotels and staterooms.

"Over-Sunday drinking parties in Western and Southern towns—I have never run across them elsewhere—are sometimes of dreadful proportion."

Mrs. Sabin, in The Outlook, asks for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Miss Tarbell believing, as do so many, that it is fixed, is inclined toward modification of the Volstead Act—the light wine and beer theory.

"Modification would at least give a firmer ground on which to fight law violations," she says. "It would put us in a better case to use the appeal to self-respect, and to try to win the co-operation of dissenters in working out a society of men self-controlled from choice. Is any other form of temperance worth the name? Can prohibition as we now have it make any further contribution to this goal?"

Miss Tarbell refers her question—Is prohibition a menace to temperance?—to the Conventions about to open.

"It must be considered," she says, "by the gentlemen who gather in Kansas City and in Houston . . . if they are to frame platforms on which candid Democrats and Republicans can support with some degree of self-respect the candidates for the Presidency which they nominate."

Miss Tarbell's suggestion may have no effect on politicians scheming for victory; but as the discussion of prohibition gradually comes out into the open it becomes apparent that there is a "wet" as well as a "dry" argument.

### *Mr. Raskob to Colonel Callahan*

Mr. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors, came back from Europe the other day and found a letter on his desk. It was from Colonel Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, and in it the Colonel took Mr. Raskob to task for his connection with the National Association Opposed to Prohibition.

Colonel Callahan is the same Colonel who two years ago wrote a letter to the Pope asking him to help enforce prohibition in this country. The Pope's answer, if any, has not been made public, but

Weed in the New York Evening World
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**Teaching the Young Idea—to pay**

Mr. Raskob's reply overran a newspaper column. Said he:

"I am not a drinking man (this does not mean that I never take a drink), am a director in corporations employing over 300,000 men, and have a family of twelve children ranging in ages from five to twenty-one. . . .

"My experience is that children like to be with older folks, are quick, alert, and particularly keen in listening to what their elders say and do. What impressions are registering on the minds of my sons and daughters when they see thoroughly reputable and successful men and women drinking, talking about their bootleggers, the good 'stuff' they get, expressing contempt for the Volstead Law?

"The menace of prohibitory laws is the spirit of intolerance underlying their adoption, and this is bound to result in rebellion. . . . A large number of people feel that a majority in this country have no more right to curtail their freedom with respect to drinking beer, wines, or even spirits, than they have to deny free religious worship. These people feel that they do no wrong in the eyes of God when they buy and consume beer, wines, and liquors, in spite of the law. They feel that those who have the money to pay for such beverages and have them analyzed can drink without risk of health, while those who cannot must either do without or take great risks of being poisoned.

"It is for this reason that the great mass of our workmen and poor people feel that prohibition does not prohibit, but is a scheme to deny them something which their more fortunate brothers with money can have almost at will. Is it any wonder they should rebel? . . .

"Mr. Hoover thinks and many others did at one time think prohibition a great and noble social experiment. But it has failed, and I personally cannot conceive of any experiment founded on intolerance and not on good morals being noble."

Mr. Raskob resents the charge that he and others who are working for the repeal of the Amendment are "in any way lawbreakers or show any lack of respect for our great Constitution."

"On the contrary, we are engaged in a noble effort to restore to our people a feeling of independence and liberty and the right to the pursuit of happiness so earnestly sought, prayed for, and finally secured after the Revolutionary War."

### *Modify Divorce Rules*

Divorce became an issue in the closing hour of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session twenty-nine days at Kansas City, and victory rested with those who would liberalize the rules.

Heretofore ministers of that large and influential denomination have been forbidden to marry a divorced person, except the innocent partner in a divorce resulting from adultery.

The amended Methodist Discipline now reads:

"A minister shall not solemnize a marriage of a divorced person whose husband or wife is still living, except for the innocent person, when it is clearly established in his own mind that the true cause of divorce was adultery or its moral equivalent."

The concession to the liberalizers is in the last three words. Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University, made the argument for that faction.



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"Shall we admit into our Church some hopeless drunkard who has not been divorced, and refuse admittance to some pure woman who divorced a similarly brutal drunkard for cruelty?" he asked.

Dr. George Elliott, church editor, replied for the bitter-enders.

"We would let down the bars and make our laws as weak as the worst State laws now are," he declared. "What if a person does suffer in marriage by cruelty or brutality? Christians have learned they must suffer. Marriage is not a civil contract, and it is not for us to provide an easy escape."

There followed what the reporters call a "spirited debate," but the liberalizers prevailed over Dr. Elliott's views by about two to one. The Conference also decided to recognize divorces granted by the State, to receive divorced persons in the Church, to trust the decision of their ministers on the eligibility of divorced persons to remarry; and, finally, ordered courses on marriage to be prepared for use in church schools.

### *Lobbyism and the Ladies*

LOBBYISM, fore and aft, seems to have earnestly exercised the San Antonio Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Charges were intimated that the ladies had been doing too much lobbying for various legislative programs at Washington; and charges were definitely pressed that Federation officials had exposed themselves to the wiles, if not the corrupting influences, of certain manufacturers interested in the recommendations of the Federation's home survey. Both charges were discussed with zeal and occasional flashes of indignation, so it is reasonable to assume that both rankled some.

The first charge has been politely insinuated in magazine articles these past two or three years. It was insinuated in the Convention when Kentucky delegates requested the Federation to abandon its social and legislative activities and get back to its original specialty of cultural uplift. The Federation treated the request respectfully, but met the issue by agreeing to withdraw from a joint woman's lobby in Washington.

This does not mean that the Federation will cease to put pressure on Congress; but the lobbyists will at least be more strictly representative of the Federation, and can be held more strictly accountable for their behavior.

The charge that the Federation was even more lobbied against than lobbying brought forth more in the way of verbal defenses. These made it reasonably

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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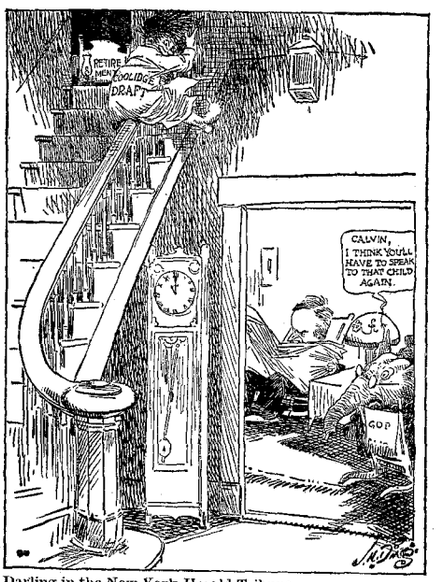
**The host's dilemma—whether to pass it around to the whole party or just call a few chosen spirits out to the pantry**

clear, as sensible people have always supposed, that no Federation member has taken graft to recommend in the home survey this or that brand of bathtub or bird cage. The worst that has happened seems to have been that contact men of certain domestic equipment industries were perfectly lovely about showing visiting home surveyors around the plant, and even about giving financial aid to the home survey work.

Such complaisance to the "interests" might prove damaging to a Congressman investigating oil stock transactions, but the clubwomen were only investigating drains and washboards in behalf of the home. So they took the position that only a pharisaical discretion would prompt sensible women to decline such favors.

As proof of their faith in their integrity, the ladies agreed to ask a Congressional investigation of all their activities, preliminary to granting them an enlarged charter.




Darling in the New York Herald Tribune
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**Long past his bedtime**

## From Washington

### *A Weary Congress Quits*

CONGRESS has resolved itself into individual men, gone home to cut some slash atop their fences to stop the gaps until after the Conventions. They were weary men as they packed their bags and prepared to depart. Since December they had introduced 19,770 bills, had reported 1,323 of them out of Committee and had got 923 of them past the President as completed laws. But they had worked hardest, perhaps, on thirteen which the President disapproved. In addition, they had investigated many things, some deeply, some less so. And, finally, they had, as usual, been worn out by filibustering at the end of the session.

On two successive nights, until the dawn painted the east, the Senate sat—enough of it to make an auditor or so for the man who had the floor, the rest reclining in the cloak-rooms—while California tried to cram Boulder Dam down the throat of Nevada. Neither won. Nevada held out to the last against swallowing. But the morsel is in its mouth—unfinished business to be jammed down at the beginning of the next session in December.

This was the second filibuster. The first was different, and similar. Tennessee tried unsuccessfully to keep from swallowing Muscle Shoals, which, with Cove Creek added, Alabama jammed down her throat.

But the President had a button-hook ready, in the form of a pocket veto. Tennessee will not choke on Cove Creek—at least not until the next session.

### *The Wilderness and Kansas City*

So, with Muscle Shoals in his pocket, President Coolidge prepared for his summer vacation in a birch-pole lodge on an island in the Brule River which, though it belongs to Wisconsin, empties into Duluth's neck of Superior.

It is a great, rugged, sparse country into which he goes. Lakes are numberless and hogback ridges between them twice so. Canoeing is strenuous and portaging desperate. He who carries an Oldtown and an eighty-pound duffle-bag over the inevitable eleven portages and six beaver-dam lifts a day will harden his muscles. But the President may not



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find such exercise necessary. He has chosen to be at that stage of life from which one looks back, and meditates, and fishes—from shore.

But a man, even a President, may not always have his choice. There are those who say that the Kansas City Convention will nominate Mr. Coolidge for President. His schedule is so arranged that on the day when that Convention nominates him, if it does, he will be either on the train or lost among the beaver ponds and rock ridges. It will be most unfortunate for his choice if he should be nominated and cannot decline the nomination because he cannot be reached.

On the other hand, the Convention may deadlock and seek Mr. Coolidge to break the hasp. Then will it be, indeed, fortunate for his retrospective fishing if he is so inaccessible that he cannot be forced to take sides with this contender or that.

Whatever is in Mr. Coolidge's mind in that regard is in Mr. Coolidge's mind and not elsewhere.

### *Investigators Go on Forever*

ALL have gone, then, except the weary investigators. They through the sweltering summer, out of the political scramble but exerting pressure upon it, will stay in Washington and dig. Almost a dozen investigations will thus go forward between sessions.

The Committee investigating campaign funds and related subjects, though probably not the most important, is likely to be the most interesting, because its work is most closely related to the Presidential campaign.

This Committee, at about the time of the adjournment of Congress, was engaged upon the terrifying task of examining Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama. Its efforts revealed the fact that concerning the financing of Governor Smith's pre-convention campaign Senator Heflin knows nothing but believes a great deal. Seeing the situation through a mottled maze of red hats and white caps, Senator Heflin fumed and raged—and added nothing to the Committee's store of information. One thing he was sure of—that he received pay from the Ku Klux Klan for talking about the Pope and Al Smith. He thought, however, that what he said was lecturing, not speaking.

Later on the Committee will concern itself with even more explosive things. Among them is the report, which has persisted for ten years, that during the World War Mr. Hoover, as Food Administrator, bought Cuban and Porto Rican sugar for 5½ cents a pound and held it off the market, while American consumers were paying 28 cents a pound. The size of the headlines under which this story will be printed depends upon whether Mr. Hoover is or is not nominated at Kansas City.

### *Oil Afire!*

THE Oil Committee will continue at work, though it has finished with Elk Hills and Teapot Dome and filed a scathing report upon them. During the last hour of the session of Congress Chairman Nye and Prosecutor Walsh disagreed on the floor as to what, politically, the investigation had shown. Nye said it had shown that Harry F. Sinclair contributed to Democratic as well as to Republican campaign funds. Walsh called for citations from the record, and Nye was not quite able to give them.

As to the report filed with the Senate, however, there was no disagreement. All members of the Committee approved it. The profits of the Continental Trading Company deal were characterized as "ill-gotten gains of a contemptible private steal, the peculations of trusted officials of great industrial houses pilfering from their own companies, robbing their own stockholders, the share of the boodle coming to one of the freebooters serving in part as the price of the perfidy of a member of the President's Cabinet."

The rest of the report is hardly less hot.

### *No Sanctuary in Retirement*

THOSE who have been Government officials but now have retired to pleasanter if not more profitable pastures—even they are not safe from the investigators.

Before the Campaign Funds Committee came Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition enforcement, and testified concerning the activities as a prohibition agent of Frank J. Hale, now owner of the periodical "Politics"—a sheet whose object in life appears to be the defeat of Hoover for President. It loses $500 a week, which Hale testified he meets out of his own pocket.

Mrs. Willebrandt testified that Hale and his associates grew affluent while he was a prohibition agent. She identified J. N. Chamberlain, of Atlantic City, as a pal of both Hale and General Lincoln C. Andrews, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition. This Chamberlain, she said, increased his bank deposits from $300 a month to $5,000 a month and in less than a year had deposited $90,000 in one bank and $65,000 in another. She said that Chamberlain, after one all-night visit with Hale, exhibited twenty $1,000 bills.

Mrs. Willebrandt said that she twice worked up cases against Hale, but that each time, when they had reached the point "when the truth probably would come out," they were halted. Finally, despairing of getting results from General Andrews, whom she described as Hale's close personal friend, she went to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. Mr. Mellon ordered an inquiry, out of which came the information that Hale had accepted $5 a case from rum-runners for permitting the landing of liquor. But the statute of limitations had run and he could not be prosecuted.

It is Investigator James A. Reed who claims to have brought about the removal of General Andrews as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition. As soon as Dr. Doran got his hand on the helm Hale lost his job as prohibition agent, and shortly thereafter became a publisher.

### *Utilities Omnipresent*

FROM the low gray building on B Street where the Federal Trade Commission sits investigating "utilities" strange stories continue to come and to get wider publicity than at first. Reversing Jacob's deathbed scene, the voice is the voice of the F. T. C. but the hand is Walsh's hand. The Montanan, defeated in the effort to conduct the investigation himself, is still the star investigator.

Testimony shows that throughout New York State public and private schools were saturated with public utilities texts, while at the same time utilities were spending $25,000,000 a year in advertising with the newspapers. Here, it may be, is partial explanation of the reluctance of some newspapers to print the news of the investigation. The school texts were designed largely to defeat Governor Smith's water-power development plans. In Rochester, public utilities interests paid $15,000 to underwrite "The Story of Public Utilities," a book introduced to the public schools.

University courses favorable to the utilities were substantially backed, according to testimony recently adduced, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico. In some cases the professors who prepared the courses were not paid for that work, but were paid for making public speeches favorable to the utilities. Some received pay for acting as members of Public Utilities Information Committees.

Western committee activities were, in



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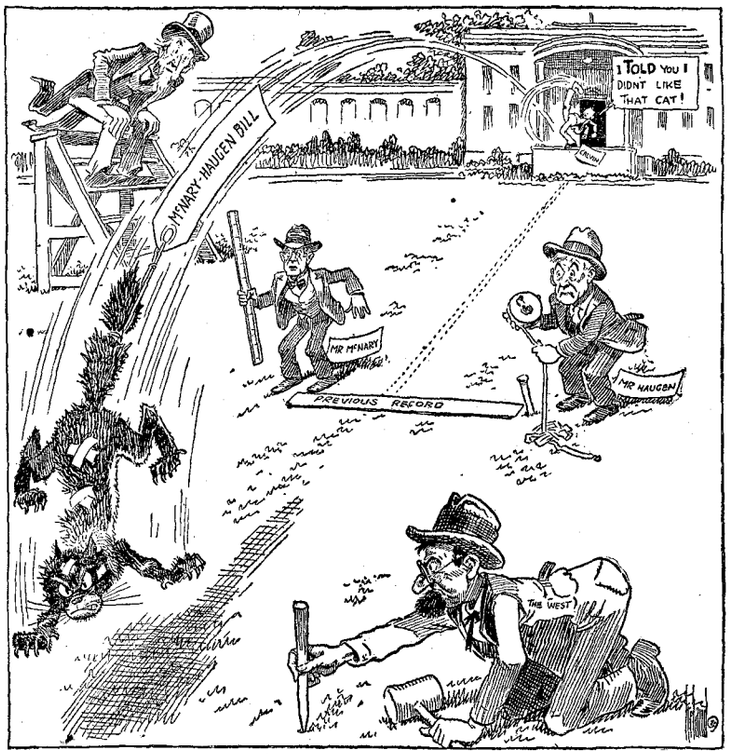


Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

**The President breaks the long kick record**

large part, directed specifically at the proposal for Government construction and control of Boulder Canyon Dam. An important utilities official said on the witness-stand that it was "a matter of common knowledge" that power utilities companies had spent millions to combat public ownership.

Utilities officials believe, or did believe until quite recently, that these efforts were successful. There was placed in the record a letter written by George E. Lewis, Executive Manager of the Rocky Mountain Public Utilities Information Committee, in which he said:

"Had the utilities industry not started its public relations work when it did; had it not inaugurated systematic newspaper advertising, educational activities in the high schools, colleges, universities, and grade schools; had it not undertaken widespread speaking activities—in short, had it not done the things that it has done within the past three years, we'd all be in a hell of a shape today." Mr. Lewis defined what "a hell of a shape" means to him by saying that "State, municipal, and Government ownership would have been one hundred per cent ahead of what it is today."

# Windows on the World

*By Malcolm W. Davis*

WAR DEBTS to America should cause no undue strain, argue Secretary Hoover and the Department of Commerce, on Europe's capacity to pay. Facts and figures on this disputed cause of so much American unpopularity abroad are marshaled, in a report on "The Balance of International Payments of the United States in 1927," in impressive fashion.

Mr. Hoover shows, in a foreword which may be taken to embody his attitude on this issue, that various American payments abroad more than offset the amounts paid by European countries in interest and principal on their debts. In 1927 the United States received from Europe a little over $200,000,000 in such payments—nearly half of the maximum annual payments for which the war debt agreements would ever call. American tourists spent abroad in the same time about $617,000,000—largely in countries that have the heaviest debts to the United States. Immigrants sent to relatives in their old homes $218,000,000, while charitable funds and charges for American freight carried in foreign vessels brought the total of such "invisible payments" to $900,000,000.

Further, while European Governments were paying about $200,000,000 on war debts to the United States Government, foreign Governments and individuals were able to pay over $977,000,000 on other American private loans or on investments in this country. And, finally, Americans received from foreigners during the year in all about $9,000,000,000—a total volume of business beside which the war-debt payments are insignificant.

From all this the Department experts conclude that the program of debt payments will not result, as has been feared, in seriously affecting American commerce and creating an unfavorable balance of trade.

The whole question of war debts is, of course, not so much one of economics as of emotions. Europe admits that she owes them technically, but does not feel that she owes them morally. The United States holds that the obligation is as clearly one of justice as of legality. Why, it asks, should American citizens pay in taxes for the expenditures of European nations in a war, in addition to paying for the expenditures of their own nation? There is the rub—and there is the value of the proposal which has been advanced to remove the entire controversial issue from the sphere of politics to the sphere of finance, by a plan to fund both payment of war damages and war debts in one final settlement through a sale of bonds.

FRANCE seems surely on the road to a more prosperous condition after the elections in which Premier Poincaré and his Cabinet of national union triumphed. As the new Parliament meets, fixing the French franc at a final definite value after all the years since the war during which it has fallen and risen and fallen, is one of the first tasks he is expected to take up. Already there has been a rush to buy francs in anticipation that their worth will be set at a higher level than has prevailed in the exchange markets. Meanwhile, the Ministry of Finance has announced a subscription of about 18,000,000,000 francs to the recent Government loan floated to transform short-term obligations into long-term bonds. And Louis Loucheur, one of the leading French industrialists and financiers and formerly Minister of Munitions, of Reconstruction, and of Commerce and Finance, has joined the Poincaré Cabinet as Minister of Labor. Altogether the prospect in France is more encouraging than at any time since the war.



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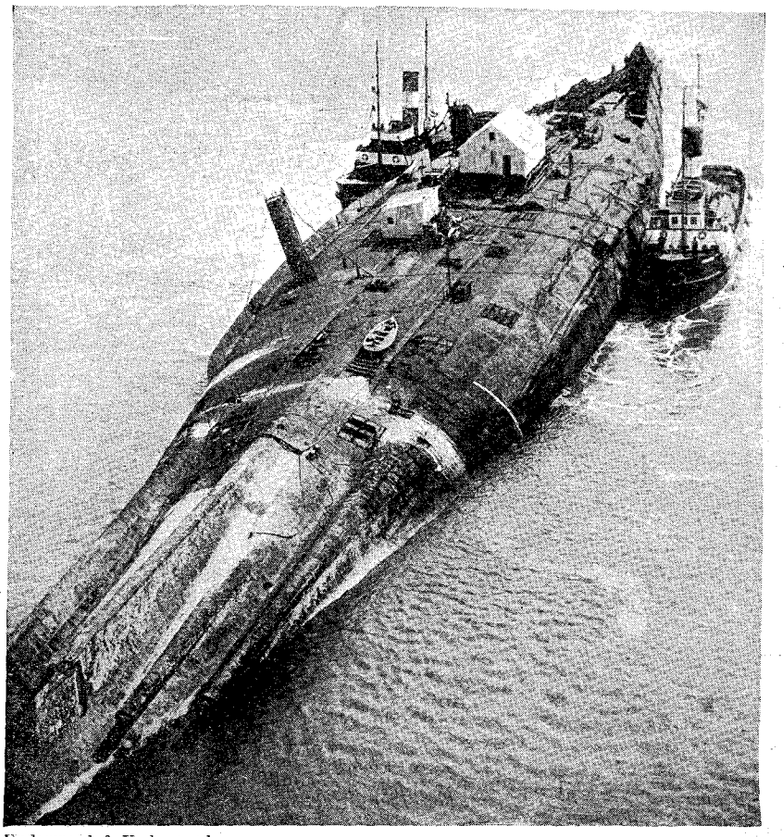
"PURE ACCIDENT," was the conclusion of the German Government in its investigation into the cause of the leakage of phosgene gas at Hamburg that cost eleven lives and chronically injured over twenty of the 200-odd people harmed. The gas was found to be of war-time origin, and the question whether or not the Interallied Military Control Commission allowed it to be retained for industrial purposes remained unsettled. The supply of some 15,000 gallons in storage at the plant where one of the containers burst is to be transferred to old torpedoes and sunk at sea. So ends another sequel to the story of the World War.

No intimation has been heard of any serious inquiry by the former Allies. Perhaps one reason is to be found in the changed relations between France and Germany reflected in an interview given in Paris by the High Commander of the German Fleet during the war, Admiral von Tirpitz. He said that there was a sincere German desire for friendship with France, and that, while he questioned the warmth of French desires for an accord with Germany, such an understanding is the principal condition on which the peace of Europe depends. What has become of the traditional enmity? Happily, so far as Germany is concerned, according to the author of the policy of unrestricted submarine warfare, *spurlos versenkt*—sunk without a trace.



Underwood & Underwood

**BOTTOMS UP**

**The German battle-cruiser Moltke, bottom up, being towed from Scapa Flow to the Firth of Forth to be scrapped. The ship was one of those scuttled by the Germans themselves in the English Channel during the war**

LITHUANIA has got the League of Nations again on her trail. The League Council is to take up at its present session the settlement of the boundary dispute between Lithuania and Poland. In particular, it is to consider the situation created by the new Constitution just voted by Lithuania, declaring the capital to be the city of Vilna. That city and the territory around it, which Lithuania claimed on historic grounds, the Polish General Zeligowski seized seven years ago. And the League, after an inquiry, formally awarded it to Poland. Consequently, in the opinion of the delegates of France, the ally of Poland, Lithuania's action is an affront and defiance to the League.

Poland charges that Lithuania has been blocking peace negotiations begun under the agreement made at Geneva last December, and Lithuania retorts that Poland will give her no satisfaction. Two dictators—the Lithuanian, Premier Valdemaras, and the Pole, Marshal Pilsudski—face each other across the borders of the embroiled nations. And their quarrel makes one of the most troublesome and dangerous situations in which the League has to try to play the part of peacemaker.

THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING in the Near East that presage a new period there of closer relations between the Oriental nations and perhaps of new problems for the Western Powers.

In the first place, the Turkish Nationalists have rejected the idea of a triple accord between Italy, Greece, and Turkey which Italy is said to have advanced. Mussolini has signed a separate treaty of arbitration and conciliation with Turkey. It includes promises by each nation not to enter into political combinations likely to menace the other and of neutrality in case of war with another nation. But the broader scheme for an extension of the influence of Fascist diplomacy in the eastern Mediterranean fell through.

At the same time Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan, on his way home from his tour of Europe, stopped in Angora to exchange courtesies and pledges of friendship with the Turkish dictator, Mustapha Kemal. At a banquet Kemal declared:

"Our nations are sisters in suffering for liberty's sake. We two will never forget the creators of those sufferings. Turkey stands ready to perform her duties toward Afghanistan."

The Amir, in a eulogistic address, replied:

"Afghanistan, too, stands ready to accomplish all brotherly duties toward Turkey."

His movement to modernize Afghanistan is traced to the influence of Mustapha Kemal. Even while the Turks were driving the Greeks out of Asia Minor, the Turkish President responded to a request from the Amir to send a Turkish military mission to his capital to reorganize the Afghan army.

Before the Amir left Angora he signed a new treaty of alliance with Turkey.

Meanwhile Persia, under her dictator, Shah Riza Pahlavi, has made a new step forward toward independence. Great Britain has signed a series of conventions recognizing Persian tariff autonomy and looking toward a treaty of commerce which would include provisions for the British airways that she wishes to extend to India. France has already accepted in principle the abolition of the Persian capitulations granting special privileges to citizens of the Western Powers.

The spirit of nationalism in the Near East is steadily making its way.



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# The Conventions

PARTY delegates, whether at Kansas City or Houston, have been summoned to consult the interests of the entire country. Most of them, perhaps, have been selected by bosses. Some of them are bosses. They like to play the game of party politics, or they would not be there. Their fellow-countrymen, who will listen to their shoutings over the radio, have no illusions on that score. Nevertheless these delegates are their countrymen's agents. They represent their interests.

What are these interests? Certainly not religious prejudice. It is often the tool of the scheming politician; but it is one of the most devastating forces in the world, and it has been used by schemers and honest bigots alike in attacks on Governor Smith as a Roman Catholic.

It is the business of the delegates, as they love their country, to bar religious prejudice out. If they regard their party duty as a public trust, they will apply that issue to Protestant as well as Catholic, and will regard as an enemy of America any one who would make political capital out of bias for or against any faith. Bigoted Americans alone make religious differences dangerous. America has no more to fear from the red hat of the Cardinal than from the pillow slip of the Imperial Kludd.

Another devastating force is provincial prejudice, of the kind that has been directed against Mr. Hoover because of his service abroad as engineer for alien interests. This is almost too absurd to notice; but it has made its appearance in certain parts of the country, and it may make its appearance at the Convention.

In selecting a candidate for the Presidency party delegates are supposed to seek the man with the highest qualifications for the office. Their greatest failures in the past have resulted from their failure to do so. This year we have had a preliminary campaign based on anything and everything except the obvious question of the candidates' qualifications to be our Chief Executive. Now, as in the past, delegates can find no safe refuge in ignoring the candidate's qualifications by hiding behind his "political availability." They cannot afford to let their judgment be clouded by a smoke-filled room. The Conventions that did so in 1920 stand today disgraced. Teapot Dome with all that it symbolizes was possible because neither party selected a man supremely qualified.

From each Convention the country looks for the selection of a man who can not only make his own platform, but be his own platform. He needs the courage and the ability to say what he stands for and what he proposes to do; and he needs the character and executive ability to do what he proposes. Neither of the two leading candidates of their respective parties has so far divulged a program. Each has a record which has drawn to him a following; but a record is not enough. It will not answer the questions of the future. And there are questions waiting to be answered—questions of corruption (local, State, National), of lawlessness, of bureaucracy, of prohibition, of agriculture, of super-power and public utilities, of our waterways, of National defense, of international arrangements for peace, of relations with Latin America, of trade rivalry with Europe, of obligations in the Far East, perhaps questions of unemployment, and of the relation between our political democracy and the growing giant of industrial democracy—a veritable chaos of questions. The country wants each Convention to choose some one who has a coherent answer to give, and can make it heard beyond his shirt-front.

Delegates represent, however, not merely the interests of their country, but also the organization of their party. When they ask votes for their candidate, they ask also votes for their party.

What kind of party? That will depend chiefly on the men they put in control. The voters have seen the management of each party in turn go on the rocks of dissension, folly, incompetence, and corruption. They have seen party managers as peddlers of political funds and traffickers in political offices. They have heard the story of Will Hays. They have learned how to unbuckle their party harness. The success of each Convention will largely depend on the thoroughness with which the delegates reorganize their party's management.

That in turn will depend upon what they make their parties stand for. So far the campaign has been against Hoover, against Smith, against prohibition, against nullification of prohibition, against a big navy, against the water-power trust, against Government ownership, against the McNary-Haugen Bill, against Coolidge because he has been against the McNary-Haugen Bill. What party is "for" something? In 1896 Bryan shook the Democratic Party out of its lethargy with a proposal of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1; and he drove the Republican Party into the specific advocacy of the gold standard. There followed a campaign of education that was unparalleled since the Civil War. Roosevelt formulated the policy that renewed the Republican Party and made it lead in that progressivism which is the surest conservator of the best. Wilson established his leadership in and through the Democratic Party by a positive political philosophy and program. So far this year no policy-shaper has appeared. On the delegates of each Convention rests the responsibility of deciding in what direction their party shall move—or of deciding that it shall not move at all.

A vast and growing body of voters who do not wear party labels will await the delegates' deliberations and decisions. As the delegates shirk their duty these independent voters will surely call them to account. As these delegates make good use of their power these same voters will voice approval. The Outlook, an independent journal, owing no party allegiance, is of the same mind with these voters, and, like them, will voice approval or disapproval as in its judgment the Conventions succeed or fail. It will reserve its judgment as to the choices made until it can make a fair comparison between them. The decision rendered at the polls next November will be made by those whose judgment is now held in reserve. These voters of independent mind, not the party bosses, will judge the work of the Convention, and they will render the verdict of success or failure.



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# What of the Religions?

*By* JAMES H. LEUBA

The author of this provocative contribution to the current discussion of religion is Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr. The Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York, says of Professor Leuba's statement: "He has put his finger upon a very important thing. Religion, religion and science, truth—what do we really mean by them? When we examine these terms in the light of modern knowledge, we find the necessity of restatement all along the line. . . . This is the sort of statement which will bring into the open arena this very great question now being so pitifully side-stepped by responsible people."

CERTAIN attempts to "reconcile" science and religion have all the appearance of brazen-faced perversions of the truth. A Roman Catholic priest was recently deploring in public the emphasis often placed upon alleged antagonisms between science and religion. He affirmed that they have much in common; that, for instance, they both seek the truth. Of what was he speaking? Not of his Church, for it claims to *possess* the truth in matters of religion.

When free-minded persons speak of "religion," they usually mean, not any one of the existing religions, but an ideal one—the "true," the "pure" religion. And we all know in what wonderful variety of ways "true" religion has been defined. There are, for instance, grave doctors who make it synonymous with an attitude of brotherly love. In this view any person devoted to the welfare of humanity—whatever his transcendental beliefs—is religious, and Lenine, even though he regarded the religions as enemies of mankind, is an admirable illustration of a religious person. We are told, also, that religion is concerned with the values of life, that its business is the discovery and preservation of what is best in life. There is no need of long speeches to establish the point that "religion" so understood is an altogether admirable thing and that all talk of antagonism between it and science is absurd.

But when, instead of speaking of an ideal religion and defining it to suit ourselves, we speak of *the* religions—*i. e.,* of the historical institutions called Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianism, etc.; when we have in mind, for instance, the Christian churches which we are expected to support financially and morally, urgent practical questions of a most disquieting nature arise. The most fundamental of these refers to the efficacy of the method they use in order to attain their ends.

Each one of the historical religions constitutes a system of beliefs and practices for achieving certain results: salvation in another life, protection in this life from physical and moral harm, assistance in striving toward moral and spiritual perfection. And they all agree upon the method by which the desired blessings are to be produced. That method consists in entering in a social relation with one or several gods by the offering of gifts, of praise, of prayer, and the like. That is the characteristic feature of the religions, old and new; it is the distinctive feature of the worship of the most liberal Protestantism as well as of the most conservative Catholicism. Give up that method, and the historical religions, one and all, disappear.

REGARDING the religions in general and the Christian religion in particular, I say that the fundamental problem is that of the efficacy of their method of doing work: the efficacy of praise or glorification, and of prayer for improvement in the weather, for protection against accident, for recovery from disease, for moral enlightenment and strength, etc.

One of the most remarkable social phenomena of this essentially practical America is that this problem has not been brought into the open, definitely and systematically. The churches are still fighting in trenches passed long ago by the advancing opponent. Instead of defending their fundamental belief in the God of the religions, a God in intellectual and effective communication with man, able and, under certain conditions, willing to respond to man's desires and supplications, they fight about what they (for instance, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in 1923) call doctrinal essentials: the Virgin Birth, the bodily Resurrection of Christ, salvation through the death upon the Cross, and the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Why talk of the Virgin Birth and of the Resurrection of the body of Christ when every scrap of a fast-increasing knowledge points to the futility of the traditional worship of the God of the religions? If the intellectual leaders were in the habit of speaking with more candor and of concerning themselves more earnestly with the diffusion of knowledge, the chasm between them and the rank and file of the population would not be so appalling.

The present status of the question regarding the efficacy of the method of the religions may be summed up as follows:

The development of the physical sciences has led to the conviction that the religious method is ineffective in the physical realm; it is, for instance, useless to pray for rain.

The biological sciences have led or are leading to the conviction that the divine personal Cause, supposed by the religions to be active in the cure of disease, is ineffective; it is, for instance, futile to seek to stop the action of microbes in the human organism by praises or supplications addressed to the God of the religions. An attitude of humility or repentance for having disobeyed God's will avails just as little to arrest the activity of microbes. But cheerfulness and other mental states, *however induced*—whether by confidence in a vaccine, or by faith in the Last Sacrament, or by simple prayer—may have a beneficial effect.

The psychological and social sciences have produced or are producing the conviction that the God of the religions is equally ineffective in the formation and reformation of character as he is in matters physical and biological; the intelligent and informed person relies less and less on the method of the religions and more and more on methods of character formation and transformation derived from a knowledge of human nature. Neither parents, as educators of their children, nor the directors of institutions for the morally warped place their trust in God; they rely instead on the action of natural laws, physical, biological, and mental.



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In so far as action in the physical and biological spheres is concerned, and even though prayers for the weather and for the sick have been allowed to remain in our books of worship, the religious method is in high discredit. With regard to the building up of character and its reformation and the vast problems of international relations, the prestige of the traditional worship has suffered less. Yet even here the widespread replacement of the traditional faith by reliance on knowledge of human nature and of the economic conditions of existence—incomplete as it is—stares us in the face. It is true that Congress has kept its Chaplain, but what is the degree of reliance placed by the managers of our political parties on praise and prayer to God when compared with their trust in money, in machine organization, and in the diffusion of information? The custom of opening Congress with prayer has ceased to be venerable; it has become grotesque.

The high plenipotentiaries who formulated the Treaty of Vienna after the Napoleonic wars thought it fit to open with this preamble: "Their Majesties, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, as a consequence of the great events which have signalized, in Europe, the course of the last three years, and principally of the benefits which it has pleased Divine Providence to spread over *the States whose governments have placed their trust and hope in Him alone,*" etc.! At Versailles, in 1918, pious phrases were omitted. By that time it seemed to have become known that the peace of the world depended, not upon a Providence-God, but upon man and the situation in which he found himself.

If all educated persons know that science is transforming the physical conditions of life and acknowledge its achievements in matters of health and disease, it is not equally widely known that a similar situation obtains, if in a more limited degree, with regard to problems of character. The physiological and psychological sciences are little by little making it possible for us to control human nature, to shape personality and character according to our ideal. Psychotherapy, in the forms assumed by its several schools (some of them—for instance, psychoanalysis—still a combination of science and blood-and-thunder fiction), is daily demonstrating its efficacy.

The practice of modern reformatories is another tacit acknowledgment of the inefficiency of the method of the religions. The detailed account presented in 1927 in the "Report of the Departmental Commission on the Treatment of Young Offenders," by the English Secretary of State for Home Affairs, has not a word to say about the religious method. The proposed aim is to restore these warped young people to a life of useful citizenship; and the method employed is "a combination of mental, moral, physical, and industrial training of a strenuous kind," fully described in the report.

The denial of the efficacy of traditional worship is usually and promptly met by passionate affirmations to this effect: "I know that there is a God, because when I have been weak he has strengthened me, when I have been in sorrow he has comforted me, when I have been in perplexity he has counseled me." What is challenged is, of course, not the claim that worship has been followed by beneficial results, but the cause ascribed to those results. Just as the physicist explains that when the rain prayed for comes, it is not in response to the will of a God who has been moved by offerings and supplications, but as a consequence of definite conditions of temperature, moisture, etc., so the psychologist explains, equally satisfactorily, that the peace, the mental unification, the moral energy following upon "communion with God" is the result of natural psycho-physiological forces operating according to definite laws. So that what is needed is not a knowledge of God but a knowledge of man.

There is no room here for a psychological explanation of any one of the alleged divine actions. I refer the inquiring reader to a book on the "Psychology of Religious Mysticism," where I have attempted to account on scientific grounds for some of the most remarkable experiences traditionally regarded as providential. The outcome of the recently acquired knowledge of man is that worship consists in certain mental and bodily activities which themselves determine the observed results. The method of the religions (the practice of prayer, together with the rest of traditional worship) turns out to be a disguised and misunderstood psychotherapy, developed in advance of any exact knowledge of human nature.

This method, like most empirically established methods, works on the whole and to some extent, but at the same time it does a considerable amount of serious harm. Its tragic deficiency finds a demonstration in the pathetic and often heroic efforts of great mystics to set themselves right with God and man. The best of today's psychotherapists and psychiatrists would have been able not only to enlighten these interesting cases of social maladjustment regarding that which ailed them, but also to offer them methods far more effective for the satisfaction of their fundamental physiological and spiritual needs. The religious ways of the extravagant mystics—extreme asceticism, love-trance, etc.—is hardly superior to the way of the drug addicts. Drugs also yield certain deep satisfactions and remedy certain evils. Richepin, that keen observer of human nature, describes in "Braves Gens" occasional drunken bouts as "good baths of forgetfulness out of which one arises done up and yet renewed; a great purge of alcohol which scours, as with fire, body and soul." It is because of effects of that sort—impression of liberation, of power, of exaltation—that drugs are extensively used in the religious ceremonies of the non-civilized. But the yearnings of the non-civilized and those of the Christian mystics are best satisfied neither by drugs nor by the so-called mystical approach to God through meditation, contemplation, the sleep of the powers, ecstasy, etc.

The claim that the method of the religions has been found wanting is confirmed by the neglect into which it is falling in the churches themselves. One of the most significant and promising features of their activity is precisely the incorporation, in what they continue to call "religious" education, of methods independent of the action of the God of the religions. The present campaign for "religious" education, conducted in this country by the liberals, is more and more a tacit repudiation of the method characteristic of all the religions, and a utilization, within a more or less vague spiritualistic or idealistic philosophy, of the art and science of education. It is a smuggling in of a non-religious method under the flag of the religions. Let this be made quite clear.

When a preacher imparts to his audience information regarding any aspect of life, under the conviction that it is not possible to behave for the best if one is ignorant of the world in which one lives, he is not using a religious, but a secular method of advancing the coming of the kingdom of God.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 273*)



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# I Change My Mind on Prohibition

*By*

PAULINE MORTON SABIN

A former advocate of prohibition finds that she made a mistake and has the rare courage to admit it. Mrs. Sabin is the wife of Charles H. Sabin, Chairman of the Board of the Guaranty Trust Company and a member of the Republican National Committee.

WE have a Prohibition Law. It is embedded in the Constitution. We have had it for eight years. If it means anything and is to be taken seriously, it means that no person in the United States shall be able to obtain anything to drink that may be intoxicating. Millions of people are discussing it. It is the prevailing topic of conversation in every walk of life. Every one is analyzing and estimating the effect of this effort to compel all Americans to be total abstainers. I have watched its workings during the years, commencing in a sympathetic frame of mind. I have reached certain conclusions and am willing to set them down here, conscious of my fallibility but anxious to contribute my little bit toward a wise solution.

It is true that we no longer see the corner saloon; but in many cases has it not merely moved to the back of a store or up one flight under the name of a "speak-easy"?

It is true that in our universities groups of boys can no longer go together to a *Rathskeller* and drink their beer genially and in the open. Is it not true that they are making their own gin and drinking it furtively in their rooms? Indeed, the authorities of certain colleges have instituted the practice of searching the students' rooms, without their consent and during their absence.

It is against the law to sell alcoholic beverages, but hundreds of thousands of respected citizens are daily conniving at the breaking of that law by buying it. And most of them realize that the beverage reaches them through channels extending through a long line of law violation and corruption down to the consumer.

In my opinion, the majority of women with young children favored prohibition because they felt that when the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted drinking to excess would never be a problem in their children's lives, that temptation would be completely eliminated. But now they are wondering and troubled about the result. They have found that their children are growing up with a total lack of respect for the Constitution and for the law.

We must admit that many of the parents are responsible for this attitude among the young, owing to the example they set in breaking this particular law. In connection with the attitude of the youth of the Nation today towards the Constitution, I want to cite two incidents which have been brought to my attention recently.

The first is the case of six boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who were students at one of the oldest and most respected private schools in the country. An older person asked these boys a few questions regarding the Constitution of the United States. Not one of them had any knowledge of the Constitution nor its Amendments, with the exception of the Eighteenth, and in chorus they shouted they knew about that. The manner in which they said it proved that they held that Amendment in great derision.

To my mind, this was a shocking revelation. I do not deny that this situation was largely the fault of both the school and the parents of the boys for not having taught them about the most sacred of our political documents. How unfortunate that the Eighteenth Amendment should typify the Constitution to our children—the one Amendment which they are conscious is not being upheld, and the one Amendment which many of us feel is contrary to the spirit of the rest of the Constitution, as it is the only Amendment which curtails personal liberty, the only one which attempts to control the habits of a human being.

THE other incident I have in mind occurred at the conference which was called last year by one of the colleges, and to which the various preparatory schools were asked to send a representative boy, to discuss the "transition period between school and college." A boy I know was selected to represent his school. He has since told me that one of the subjects discussed was the pros and cons of drinking at college. The discussion lasted for over an hour, each boy having something to contribute to the subject. It was approached from various angles—the effect of drinking on athletics, on scholastic standing, and on a boy's reputation as a good fellow. Not once during the discussion did any boy mention the fact that prohibition was the law of the land. In other words, that phase of the situation was completely ignored, just as though the Eighteenth Amendment had never been enacted. In my opinion, this is an eloquent commentary on the status of prohibition among the younger generation.

I was one of the women who favored prohibition when I heard it discussed in the abstract, but I am now convinced that it has been proved a failure. Its effect upon the coming generation is so grave and so serious that all women who have come to this conclusion (and I believe there are many thousands of them) should organize and work for a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and in its place a substitution of some law that will bring about true temperance and respect for law.

The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment was due, to a great extent, to the influence and efforts of women. They conscientiously believed that the result would be beneficial, but I think there has been a tremendous change in the sentiment of women during recent years.

The Women's National Republican Club sent out a questionnaire on prohibition to 3,000 Republican women in thirty-eight States, to which they received 1,500 replies—which is an amazingly high percentage to receive on any questionnaire, and which proved that the women of the country felt the seriousness of this situation and welcomed an opportunity to express themselves. Of the 1,500 women, only 107 voted to retain the present law; the other 1,393 voted for either modification of the Volstead Act, permitting light wines and beers; Government control; or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment with a substitution of local option in the various States.

As far as I know, this is the only questionnaire of its kind that has been

(*Please turn to continuation, page 272*)



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# Why the West Will Not Revolt

*By* CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

There are two opinions, both quite positive and both widely held, as to whether the Middle West is in political revolt. Mr. Harger, a newspaper publisher in the critical country, believes that it is not, and gives here the reasons for the faith that is in him. Since he wrote the McNary-Haugen Bill has been vetoed and an army of protesting farmers has been recruited from fourteen States to march upon Kansas City.

The question is still open, though perhaps in need of redefinition.

FINANCIAL distress in an agricultural section, according to the best political tradition, is the forerunner of an organized uprising intended to bring about prosperity. The eloquent agitator who presents an alleged panacea to be won at the polls finds eager listeners. The movement may take the form of a new party, an action fraught with danger to all existing political organizations; or it may mean only an upheaval within established lines. In the '90's farm depression was translated into new party action, landing in Western State Legislatures and in Congress sockless statesmen long on soul-thrilling perorations but short on constructive economics.

Remembrance of that era is vivid.

Politicians have been watching the horizon for signs of another organized revolt since the autumn of 1921, when sudden deflation in the price of products, quickly reflected in land values, paralyzed war-stimulated affluence. It was threatened in 1924, but did not come. Leaders of the major parties analyzed State elections, seeking signs and portents, and anxiously waited for 1928. What might happen if there arose a Bryanesque Moses who could crystallize the widespread agrarian dejection into political action was calculated to induce headaches and nervous chills.

If you consider the tier of States reaching from Oklahoma to North Dakota, adding Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri on the east and Montana on the northwest, you include the area where for seven years has existed the most severe depression of the farm country. Here, since 1920, 1,782 banks have failed, each with its own contribution of local disturbance; of its 1,354,843 farms the Census of 1925 reported 410,072 owner-operator farms mortgaged—23,034 more than in 1910. Loaning companies have hundreds of farms taken under foreclosure. The "farmer's dollar," a term not exactly clear to the agriculturist, worth only 62 cents in purchasing power in 1921, had barely reached 85 cents in the winter of 1928. "Frozen loans," meaning notes uncollectable, have burdened financial institutions.

All these seven years the farmer has experienced what was in effect an unbalanced relation between agriculture and industry. The price of things he had to buy did not come down as rapidly as the things he had to sell. When he had met his necessary expenses, he had little left for his debts. Most farmers were borrowers either at their bank or in long-term loans on their land. The latter class is less numerous than is generally supposed. The Census shows that nearly one-half million farms in the States named are clear of incumbrance. Naturally, there was a demand that something be done for "farm relief," a popular phrase term embracing every kind of legislation claiming to ameliorate undesirable conditions.

For a time the Non-Partisan League gave cause for alarm. It had started some years earlier, gained control of North Dakota, and aggressively was pushing its propaganda southward as far as Kansas. From more than 100,000 members it garnered a full war chest—and thereby came its fall. Its leaders, gorged with importance and expense accounts, centered their drive on dues rather than on relief for the producer. Its financial schemes collapsed, and this political cloud vanished into thin air. No other political movement attained enough prominence to bring uneasiness.

Underwood & Underwood

**Harvesting with the "combine," which cuts and threshes as it moves over the field**

WHY has history failed to repeat itself?

Primarily, it is due to lack of a definite, widely accepted program that promised betterment. True, a gifted leader in a period of disaffection frequently rides to power on a patently weak creation; and it is conceivable that



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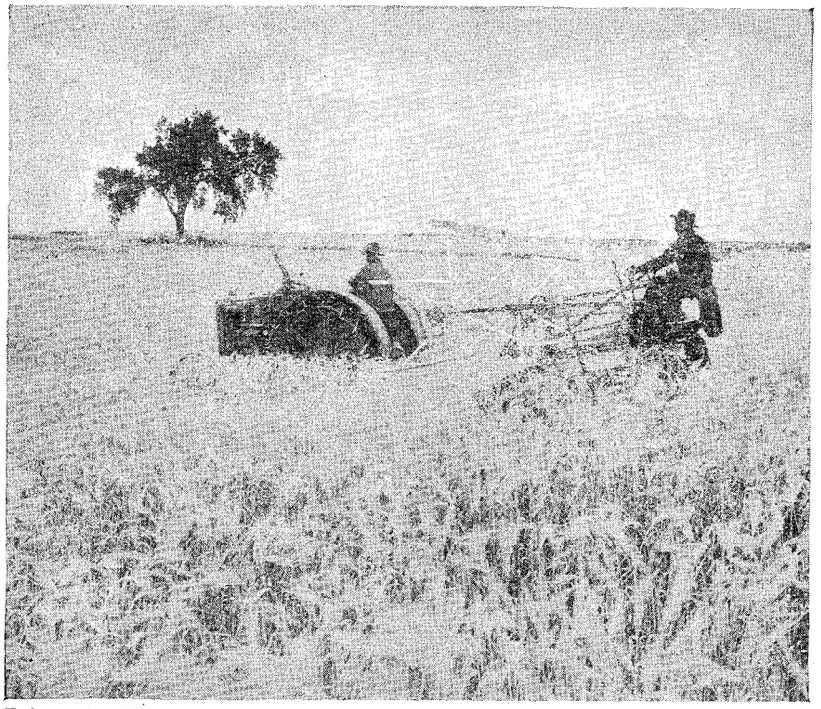

Underwood & Underwood

**"Power farming is taking the place of the mule and the horse"**

a forceful crusader or a plausible platform might even yet gain followers. But the Western farmer has progressed far in understanding since the days of Populism. The daily paper delivered every morning at his home, the radio broadcasting the utterances of sound economists, the telephone, and the motor car have broadened his horizon. He may be led only after he is convinced.

This altered mental attitude has come not only from the producer's wider vision, but from his greater familiarity with the financial operations of everyday life. For instance, he became a stockholder in a farmers' store, fondly believing that it would absorb the business of the town. Mostly he found that business had its own troubles, and failure resulted. He was a stockholder in his rural bank, seeing therein much prestige and probable profits. Frequently the bank, lacking real banker management, could not collect its loans, and he gained an understanding of the difficulties of financial institutions. He voted for public improvements — schoolhouses, hard-surfaced roads, a new court-house. When his tax bill came, he could understand why tax increases had become burdensome. Farmers elected to the State Assemblies found that even with working majorities the task of legislating prosperity had difficulties far more serious than had been imagined. To be sure, some yet think it possible to create wealth by statute, but generally it is a well-defined opinion that the ultimate solution of the farmer's problem must come through gradual operation of economic law.

Another thing. The failure of radical experiments undertaken in some of the States are familiar to the farmer. He knows the history of North Dakota's State-owned mills, elevators, bank, and elaborate farm loan system; of South Dakota's land loan plan by which some $45,000,000 was loaned so recklessly that the State has hundreds of farms taken under foreclosure; of the collapsed bank guaranty schemes of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and the Dakotas, all abandoned with losses reaching into millions of dollars. His faith in the potency of State ownership and State management of business has been shattered by the experience of commonwealths led into that path by eager theorists. He may be disposed to blame somebody for his own bad fortune—a most natural tendency—but he is chary of inviting trouble by launching radical experiments for which, if unsuccessful, he will have to pay.

THIS psychological change has been intensified by the experience of war-time investing. The average farmer —and most small business men, for that matter—of the interior had never bought a bond or similar security until the Liberty Loan campaigns. So generous was the response from the rural sections that in practically every home—town and country—there was some evidence of sound investment. Not all were paid for at the time, but eventually was taught the lesson of thrift—that money can be made to work for the individual as well as for the banker. Following that experience came the expansion of public utilities. Local and municipal ownership of light plants, telephone companies, etc., because of the rising cost of operation, gave way to extensive systems each serving hundreds of communities and disposing of stocks and other securities under the customer-ownership plan. When a corporation scatters its securities among thousands of small investors, it thereby establishes a state of mind conducive to political conservatism.

Generally overlooked in discussion of the farm problem is the substitution of constructive agriculture for tireless debate on theoretical economics. The producer has been given something to think about. The group meeting in the rural schoolhouse or in the town hall thirty years ago was political—there was no other subject available. Largely it was devoted to denunciation of Wall Street and the machinations of the capitalists. If any plan for betterment of conditions was proposed, it took the form of advocacy of changes in the currency, confiscation of wealth through some form of special taxation, elaborate plans for postponing the payment of debts, or similar suggestion. The producer held the view that if he were to advance it must be by means of some agency outside himself which was to do something for him.

Today the farmer meeting has to do with better crop methods, with improved live stock, with seed purity, greater yields, and elimination of costs. In 2,084 counties of the Nation there are farm agents, paid partly by the Government, partly by the State, and partly by local members of the farm bureau. The agent is not an apostle with a message, but an educated analyst who assists the farmer to determine what is most efficient in practice and marketing. He gives the producer subject for thought and in his itinerancy visits the farm for personal inspection. Power farming is taking the place of the mule and horse. A harvesting machine, the "combine," cuts and threshes as it moves over the field, doing the work of ten men—the producer tills in comfort and harvests with efficiency. He has more conveniences and pleasanter surroundings



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than any farmer in the history of the world.

The one-crop farmer—the wheat farmer, for instance—can plant and harvest his season's crop in eight weeks of field labor. When he had ten months in which to meditate on his grievances, he naturally turned to discussion of government. The effort to turn the farm into a twelve-month factory, sponsored and forwarded by the farm agent and the agricultural colleges, leads him to put less faith in legislation and more in scientific agriculture. To be sure, there is a long way yet to go. The one-crop farmer still exists; the abiding confidence in the ability of lawmakers to create some mysterious financial machinery that automatically will dispense prosperity lurks in some minds.

PASSING of the rambling political talkfest does not mean that community problems are not discussed when farmers foregather. For instance, co-operative marketing—held by most progressive producers as the next forward step to come in agriculture. Stabilization of prices would, they declare, cure most of the present ills—or at least set a clear path for returning to normal conditions.

The McNary-Haugen Bill, recently vetoed, probably comes nearer being an issue for the producers than any measure in recent years. While its provisions are perhaps not clearly visualized by the average Western producer, it is pictured as having a promise of a stabilized market; hence its appeal to the man in debt who sees each year his meager profits spent in necessities, with little left to liquidate his obligations. Around this one problem of debt-paying has centered the discouragement of those who borrowed unwisely. The fact that they had plenty of company in business and in industry does not mitigate the individual situation.

Perfectly rational explanations are given of the financial debacles of the past seven years. State banking departments point out that 8,675 banks in the area described have passed through the period of deflation with their strength unimpaired. Most of the banks that failed did so because there were too many banks for a community's support, or they were managed by men who were not experienced in banking. The farmer who in war times, dazzled by high prices for products, coveted all the land that adjoined his farm, regardless of its inflated value, was the one who suffered most when came a lowered price level.

The promoter of a political revolt finds himself confronted by several definite obstacles. First is the inertia of those who have kept out of debt and have laid aside some savings in sound securities. They are not disposed to rock the boat. Then he must convince a large percentage of those who have met with financial difficulties but through economy and improved methods are steadily gaining ground. This class has learned lessons that it believes eventually will establish its feet on firm financial ground. Unconsciously, the farmer has absorbed a philosophy of successful procedure that does not include legislation or extraneous aid. Next is the younger generation, which must be taken into account. Western universities and agricultural colleges have more than doubled their enrollments in the past seven years; higher education has become a fashion for the farm boy and farm girl as well as for those of the towns. The thousands of young men and young women graduated from college are not to be swept off their feet by the political agitator. They may be—and many of them are—independent in politics, but they have too broad a vision to accept a doctrine of sectionalism.

The old-time theory that the West can prosper without National prosperity receives small credence from the better-informed citizen of the farm country. Further, he includes in his vision a world outlook, something to which in settlement days he gave no thought.

Western Legislatures usually have had a preponderance of farmers in one house or both; farmer governors have been elected frequently. Yet all these seven years the trend of legislation has been conservative. Education, good roads, welfare, have been the dominant issues, and liberal has been their treatment. While rail rates have come under discussion and the producer is apt to feel that he pays too much freight, he realizes that never before has he had so complete a service, and he wants this to continue. His looking at affairs from the business rather than from the political angle considerably modifies tradition, for building a revolt when a large part of the citizenry is imbued with hope is a most baffling task.

Nor is the lesser eruption much more likely. The Coolidge doctrine of economy has fitted perfectly into the new financial structure of the farm country; it is the sort of thing it has itself been trying to do. Regardless of the veto of the only farm relief measure evolved by the West, confidence in the businesslike management of Government is unshaken. Influenced by personalities or local complications, minor upsets may occur at the approaching election; but as a whole the interior, confident that it is gaining ground financially and socially, is disposed toward things as they are.

With so great established possessions at stake, with betterment apparent as each year goes by, with its intelligent grasp on the principles of sound business, the West—barring some cataclysm that changes the political landscape materially—is not going to revolt.

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# Arctic Danger Spots and Seasons

*By*
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

The author of this discussion of General Nobile's ill-fated expedition and the problems faced by him and others who have attempted to conquer the Arctic speaks with authority. Mr. Stefansson has made numerous trips of exploration to the North and has spent much time among the Eskimos.

This is the first of the monthly papers he will write for us on varied subjects.

UNTIL concern suddenly developed for the safety of Nobile and his comrades we had almost grown to feel that the Arctic was immune from the tragedies that beset flying nearer home. There had been 300,000 miles of commercial flights in Alaska, a good deal of it north of the Arctic Circle, and not one serious accident. The Wilkins-Eielson expeditions alone had flown more than 10,000 miles over American Arctic mountains and Arctic prairies, and their only mishap was one broken arm. On the European side, Amundsen and Ellsworth had flown 1,400 miles, and their only difficulty had been after landing with two planes in a lead in the Arctic pack, when they were able to take off with only one of them. But that one carried the full personnel safely home. Byrd had flown over 5,000 miles around northwest Greenland with no mishap of consequence, and then he and Bennett had flown to the North Pole and back, 1,600 miles of perfect performance, both human and mechanical.

These flights had all been by planes mounted on wheels, floats, or skis. By dirigible Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile had flown from Rome in Italy to Nome in Alaska, with some moderately serious difficulties in Europe before they entered the Arctic and in Alaska after they left the Arctic, but without troubles in the Arctic itself.

In spite of the complete safety of all past flights, we were bound to have an uneasy feeling whenever a new flier took wing through the polar skies. For such freedom from tragedy in an occupation dangerous in every other part of the world could not last forever in the Arctic, granting even that the flying conditions there are, on the average, a good deal simpler and safer than in our so-called temperate zone.

The great advantage of Arctic lands for flying is the comparatively large number of good natural landing-places. These result from the permanently frozen subsoil that permits no underground drainage and produces innumerable lakes, great and small, on which a flying-boat can always land in summer when there is water, and an airplane on skids in winter when they are frozen over.

The polar sea, too, has corresponding advantages. On no other ocean is there a reasonable chance that an airplane can take off again if it once comes down. In the Pacific or the Atlantic, after a forced landing, you are either rescued or you are drowned. There are vague plans for anchoring a few artificial landing-floats along a line crossing the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland. That trouble and expense are not necessary on the Arctic Sea, where nature has provided millions of ice-field landing-places scattered everywhere. They are not as level as the artificial floats will be, but they are a marvelous safety device for fliers, nevertheless, when compared with any provision that nature has made in any of the other seas of the world.

A test of the natural landing-floats of the Arctic came on March 29, 1927, when Wilkins and Eielson took off from Point Barrow, the north tip of Alaska, 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, and flew northwest. They had flown more than 500 miles from land and more than 400 miles beyond the limit of previous exploration when their engine stopped. Gliding, with only a few moments in which to choose a spot, they came down to the first landing ever made on the Arctic pack, and it was a perfect landing. They repaired the engine, took a sounding which showed the ocean to be three miles deep beneath the three-foot thickness of ice they had landed on.

The first take-off from Arctic pack ice proved easy. So did the second forced landing; but not the second take-off, for soft snow had begun to fall. But they got into the air at the fourth attempt, flew till darkness settled, and, their fuel exhausted, came down for a third forced landing in the combined dark of snowstorm and night. Then they waited five days for the weather to settle, and walked ashore thereafter 100 miles in eighteen days. That performance gave us such faith in the Arctic as we have in no other ocean.

BUT even with its superiority over other flying areas, the Arctic is a frontier territory with no machine shops or rescue stations, and is not as safe now as it will be hereafter. The world would have thrilled with suspense, therefore, had it known on April 15, 1928, that Wilkins and Eielson had taken off from Point Barrow for a 2,200-mile flight, most of it across territory never seen by man and with their goal a treacherous little group of islands, Spitsbergen, an infinitesimally small target at a 2,000-mile range, and a dangerous landing-place even if it could be found.

Spitsbergen has become a flying center, and will remain so. But only because of one qualification: It is strategically located with regard to Europe and with regard to the most cultivated of our oceans, the North Atlantic.

In several ways Spitsbergen is about as dangerous a flying center as any in the world. To begin with, it is not in the Arctic physically, but only mathematically. It has few of the Arctic advantages. Because of the Gulf Stream, it is really in the North Atlantic, and subject to every type of Atlantic danger and drawback. Because of mountains, and because there are glaciers in the mountains, fogs are created whenever a warm sea wind blows across them. These fogs are likely to cover the adjacent waters, too. Another source of fog is the meeting of the southward drifting Arctic ice and the northward flowing warm waters that come from the Gulf Stream.

A forced landing on the Spitsbergen Islands themselves, therefore, frequently means a landing in fog or storm, as was the case when Wilkins and Eielson came from Alaska and were able to discover a safe patch of deserted island, through a combination of rare luck and their own uncommon skill. Had their fuel failed them just before reaching land, they might have come down in water, to be drowned almost at once. Or they might have landed on a cake of ice that was drifting south to meet the Gulf Stream, where it would melt away, such a landing therefore merely postponing a death by drowning. Had they been flying carelessly at only a moderate altitude, they



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Springfield, Missouri

might have crashed into a mountain peak hidden by fog. Wilkins tells us they flew high as they approached the location of the islands, fearing that very chance.

Spitsbergen, therefore, is a suitable enough starting-point for a voyage like that of Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile to Alaska in 1926. It is comparatively safe for a brief non-stop flight, such as that of Byrd and Bennett to the North Pole and back, but safe even there only in case the Weather Bureau does not fail you when it predicts good weather that is to last long enough for the flight. Spitsbergen is the most dangerous of bases for such flights as Nobile was carrying out, which contemplated absences of several days, quite long enough for weather conditions to arise which no modern forecasting methods can predict.

THOSE who value human life, and those who have at heart the progress of aviation, were therefore much concerned a year ago when Nobile announced his plan to use Spitsbergen as a base to which he would try to return repeatedly after journeys each several days long. These worries steadily increased as time passed, with accidents and other causes delaying the start from Rome and impeding the Italia's progress north. For it is generally agreed that the Arctic as a whole is well suited to dirigible navigation from November till late in April, during which time the skies are clear, the weather cold, with no precipitation except feathery dry snow that clings to nothing and can interfere with no craft while it is in power-driven flight, producing its own rush of air to blow the snowflakes off. But late in April sleet becomes possible, and in May it becomes probable, with all the attendant dangers and difficulties. Late May and early June are the worst part of the Arctic flying year. Midsummer would not be quite so bad, for, although foggy over the polar sea, rains are more likely then than sleet, and rain drips off without weighing the aircraft down too much.

(*Please turn to continuation, page 278*)

**WHAT IS THE GOOD OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION?**

**This map of the Northern Hemisphere shows that the Arctic Ocean is really a mediterranean sea on which much of the land in the world borders. Mr. Stefansson believes that flying conditions are as good, on the average, over the Arctic as over the Atlantic. The map reveals the immense saving in distance. When navigation of the air by airplanes and dirigibles becomes common, the now uninhabited Arctic will be like a lake in the center of the inhabited world. The Arctic islands will then be important both as way stations and for their intrinsic value**



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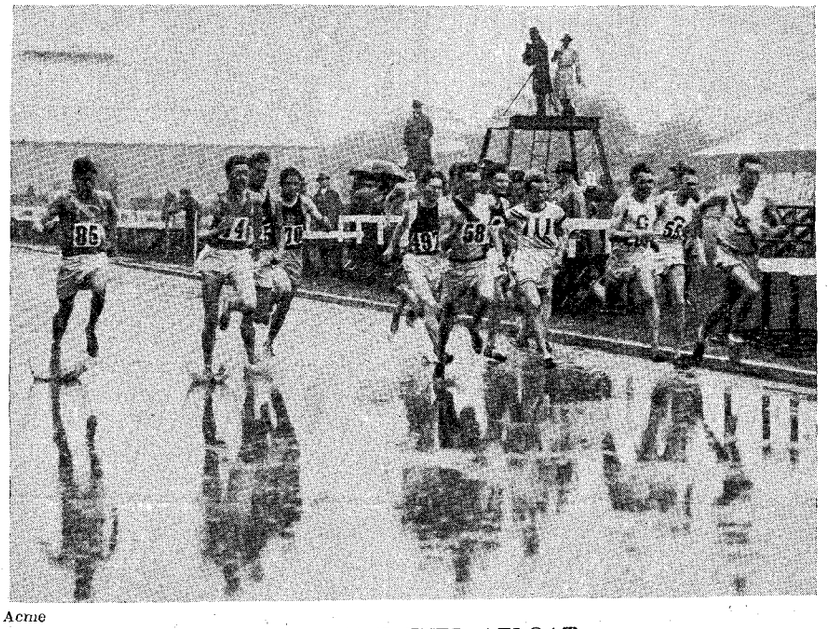
# Tuning Up for the Olympics

*By* HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

TRACK athletes were not merely afield but in many cases afloat at the Intercollegiates held in the Harvard Stadium the other day. It was just as well, since the shadow of the Olympics was over this meet, as it will be over all others until such time as the wearers of the United States shield sail for Amsterdam on the Roosevelt, and it was important to learn how well the collegians, who probably will make up at least seventy per cent of the American Olympic team, could perform under conditions that might possibly be encountered in Holland. With rare exceptions the Olympic tracks abroad, being new, are apt to be heavy, which puts a premium on rugged running, all other things being equal. Had it not been for the Olympic objective, there would have been more of the intersectional speculation as to just why the Eastern track and field men have not a better defense against the invasion of the men from the Pacific coast, but with the Olympics in the offing, the usual intersectional aftermath was not much in evidence. Lawson Robertson, the head coach of our Olympic expedition, cares not whence he recruits his American invasion of the Low Countries, so long as the recruiting is satisfactory.

As for Dink Templeton, who dug up, coached, and brought along his devastating Stanford team, his opinion was that, while it was a shame that he could not trot along some of his own climate and general atmosphere, he could stand the conditions if the Easterners could. However, some day the Olympics will be held out in Dink's own climate, which will be fair enough. As for the general atmosphere of track athletics at Stanford, I may say from experience that it makes very good basking. They have made a very real game out of track and field at Palo Alto, and in the very simplest and most effective way. It is the only place I know where it was considered an adequate Saturday afternoon pastime to choose up sides for a track meet. The very casual air of the thing was the corner-stone, in my opinion, of the subsequent string of Stanford achievements. Your Stanford athlete is a natural competitor, in consequence. And this is the basic principle of track and field athletics, often called "the poor man's sport," and admittedly one of the most democratic of all sports. That democratic aspect applies also to the East. But in the East there are a great many distractions. Observe, for instance, Launcelot Ross, of Yale, the runner, who feels that he simply *must* get abroad with his glee club, whether or not he makes the Olympic track team. But the Stanford track team is one of the most compact units in sport, and because of its background always will be, in my estimation. These men are good sportsmen and realize some of the difficulties facing the Eastern coaches and athletes.

Mike Ryan, the coach at Colby, could tell you, if he would, of some of those difficulties. Inasmuch as he will not, I shall. At the same time that the west coast men are abroad on the tracks Mike's team is snowed in, and there are times, when, in order to give his men the necessary work, he is obliged to have his distance men run "mark time" against a buffer at the end wall of the gymnasium. At other times he has to dig up a force to shovel the snow off the board tracks. And yet Mike, together with some of the other devoted New England coaches, working under climatic difficulties, has succeeded in keeping up the democracy of the track game, and has made play out of what otherwise would be considered hard work. But to return to some features of the Intercollegiates. The great sensation of the gathering, of course, was Eric Krenz, of Stanford. Here is the very model of a big man. Build, poundage, technique—the last of course a tribute to Templeton, who, by the way, is one of the Olympic coaches—were all in his favor, and he made the most of them. His performances in the shot and the discus were sufficiently superb to mark him one of the mainstays of our Olympic team. Give style to a man of this type, and you have splendid performance under the best conditions coupled with extreme dependability under all conditions. Krenz was a foregone conclusion.



Acme

**TRACK ATHLETES AFLOAT**

**The start of the mile run in the Intercollegiates at Harvard Stadium**

SECOND individual honors belonged to Ray Barbuti, the 200-pound Syracuse runner, who was nothing like a conclusion until the end of the meet. With due respect to Tom Keane, the Syracuse coach, I like to feel that Barbuti's running has gained a great deal from his football experience. You see, Barbuti has been running against men as well as against air. The experience of having to bowl over men in the fall undoubtedly helps in bowling over nothing but air in



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**WITH INCHES TO SPARE**

**Sabin Carr, of Yale, winning the pole vault**

the spring. Before the big Syracuse man took the track he was not a favorite for either of the events in which he subsequently turned up as champion. But he had, in addition to his experience as a crashing football back, the added burden of running as anchor man on the Syracuse relay team. Rather of an all-around preparation, that. So far as the track events were concerned, therefore, Barbuti was a dominant figure. He had cut out for him two extremely difficult assignments. These were the Furlong and the Half. To get the full measure of Barbuti's victory in both events one must return for the moment to Barbuti's football training. In the gridiron game he was what is known as a "climax" runner—that is, he passed the line of scrimmage at his fastest and hardest. What more natural, therefore, than that such a man should make his best running from behind, coming up to his climax against men who were running in the same direction rather than against men who were preparing to meet him for the tackle? And a man who has kept his feet under sloppy conditions on the football field can do the same on a sloppy track.

Of his two races the 440 was unmistakably the better. Here he faced the keenest of opposition. Emerson Spencer had come East with a record of 47 seconds flat for the distance. He may have done it, though I doubt it. Maxey Long, of Columbia, did it in the long ago under conditions not likely to be equaled for a long time to come. Spencer is a great quarter-miler beyond the shade of a doubt, but there were other men in the old days just as good who never hoped to make any such time as that. One of them was Dixon Boardman, whom old Yale men may remember, and there were others on the list undoubtedly as good as Spencer who never believed they could make any such figures as Long's or those claimed for Spencer. Spencer is quite good enough as it is. Barbuti passed the turn in the Quarter in third place, with Ross and Spencer just ahead. Thereafter it was a matter of picking lanes. It is a peculiarity of the Harvard track that the leaders are apt to swing wide going into the stretch, and the man in third place is really in the strategic position. This was the case of Barbuti. He was able to cut through on the inside, and with his smashing finishing power come through to victory. That, even with the burden of the track generalship on his mind, he was able to make the exactly proper use of his rush to the tape and break 49 seconds on a sloppy track in the rain is sufficient evidence of his value to any American team. The Furlong championship was an easier affair, but victory in either one marked the real champion.

THE pole vault is one of the most fascinating of the field events. I think the original credit for making it just that belongs to Hugh Baxter, of the New York Athletic Club. And the fascination is being carried on apace by Lee Barnes, from the Pacific coast, and Sabin Carr, of Yale, both of whom are certainties if ever there were any for the Olympic team. To say anything pleasant about either of them is to gild the lily. But, being the sportsmen they are, they do not mind, I think, the expression of a preference. In the immediate future, I think, therefore, that Carr has greater heights in his system than has Barnes. Either one can clear up anything in sight in Europe, since the menace of Charlie Hoff, of Norway, has been removed, and Hoff himself believed that Carr had the greatest future of all the pole-vaulters. So do I. Let's put it this way: Carr has more room between himself and the bar both in his successes and his failures than any other man vaulting. That means added inches some day or other. If conditions are right at Amsterdam, I feel that Carr has it in him to come through to as smashing a victory at Amsterdam as Frank Foss did at Antwerp in 1920. The reasons are about the same. There is more margin between the actual performance and the possible performance under international stimulus in Carr's case than in that of any other American. That was the situation with Foss.

In the meantime the Intercollegiates showed this country that the collegians will be equipped to take care of the field events in excellent shape. There will be some and valuable additions from the club ranks, and from the club ranks will have to come most of our bids on the track from and including the sprints up. Which (and it was said before Kipling's time) is another story.



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# Miniatures from the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## Escape

A SMALL town in up-State New York has boasted until quite recently a mysterious sheik. The handsome stranger reached town with the spring. He had an air with him that kept step with the season; an even mixture of charm, affluence, and mystery.

The town was not so big that it was unimpressed. It hoped anxiously that it was big enough to impress the newcomer, who was a true cosmopolitan. His clothes, bearing the look of the big city and the labels of Fifth Avenue shops, well became his slim and muscular figure. His hair was a beautiful auburn, carefully brushed into an entrancing wave. His features were regular and handsome, and he wore a mustache.

The newcomer had plenty of money, and he believed in spending it. He lived in an excellent boarding-house, bought himself a roadster, got himself an automobile license, and took the girls driving. He was deservedly popular.

But as the days lengthened into weeks, without losing any of his popularity, the sheik became a shade more reserved. It was said that he slept a good deal in the daytime, and observed that he went driving not so often at night. More and more he drove alone. But he was well liked, just the same—a companionable fellow who read the newspapers, discussed affairs of the day, and on one occasion showed no little education on the history of bygone but famous gangsters.

So recently as to be only the other day, the mysterious sheik announced his intention of taking an automobile trip. He said good-by to his new-found friends, promising that they would see him again before another week was out.

In his New York clothes, in his New York roadster, the handsome fellow departed. The week wanted one day of being out when he was seen again; far from New York, in the rear of a house out in Chicago, lying murdered beside his automobile.

Here was a mystery for the police. The photographs at headquarters offered nothing in the way of resemblance to the lifeless sheik. The police turned from photographs to fingerprints. Here they found another mystery. This man was wanted; not only wanted, but hunted, with his photographs broadcast over the country by postal authorities. But the man wanted had been stout. His hair had been straight and black; his nose had been another shape entirely; and the man wanted wore no mustache.

The man of the fingerprints was wanted by the police because of his connection with a daring and outrageous mail robbery pulled off recently near Chicago, involving $133,000 loot. But he had not been wanted badly enough by the police. He had been more desperately wanted in the underworld itself by vengeance that ferrets quickly and strikes sharply. He had dyed and marcelled his hair; he had resorted to plastic surgery and changed his face; he had managed in a time so brief as to be miraculous to lose thirty-five pounds. He had fooled the police. But this man had not been struggling to escape the law. Whatever it was he fled from is an unsolved mystery—a mystery of hate.

## Loss

THERE is a river that flows between two large cities, bearing upon its bank an obscure and motley street known as Boathouse Row. The structures that rise and lurch along the uneven ground can scarcely be dignified by the name of houses. They are shacks, but their sprawling walls and uncertain roofs shelter the days and nights, the secrets and loneliness of human existence.

In one of these shacks there lived until lately a man who was almost sufficient to himself. If he ever had a family, it had disappeared into the shadows of forgetfulness. If he ever had a human being or a dog or a cat for companion, these also belonged in a dim past. At one time in his life he had had an accident. No one knows through what tragic mishap it happened, but the man had lost an arm.

The loss of an arm is serious enough for any one; but for a man who lives through the efforts of his own body, to whom lifting and shoving are the equipment for existence, the loss of an arm is the loss, in part, of his life. If he were not to be seriously hampered in life, he must find a substitute for the muscle and efficiency that were gone.

He managed to secure somehow the dubious makeshift of a wooden arm—something to be strapped on to the useless stump of a shoulder, and that ended, in the place of wrist and fingers, with an ungainly iron hook. It was an ugly and awkward contrivance enough, but through it, miraculously, life presented a new and provocative challenge. Could he subdue this thing of wood and iron to the needs of flesh and blood?

In his two-room shack on Boathouse Row, the man with the wooden arm found a new exultancy in living. None but himself knew the pride of his long and tedious accomplishment—himself and his new companion. For here was a companion all his own, helpless without him, alive through his superior power and dexterity. A woman, or even a dog, could never serve him as this strange creature served him, or be loyal with this complete submission to his superiority. For he had discovered that a wooden arm with an iron hook has powers and uses far beyond those of limited nerves and flesh. He was not one-armed; he was super-armed, and his wooden companion became the pride and solace of his isolation. By night it lay unstrapped and separate, a thing apart. By day it was joined to his body, and became one with the current of his strength.

One night there was a fire along the bank of the river. A mysterious spark had found the shack of the one-armed man, and against the blackness of the night became suddenly a blaze. The alarm spread quickly. A fire-house was notified. The one-armed man awoke to find himself surrounded by flames. In terror and bewilderment, he leaped through them to safety, and the firemen were about to congratulate him on his lucky escape; but under their very eyes he dashed back into the burning house.

Was there some one in there—some one that meant more to him than his own life? A fireman dashed into the burning mass after the one-armed man, and found him bewildered and groping, half overcome with smoke. They dragged him out and looked him over. The man was badly burned, and all but done for, so they carted him to a hospital. But not until he was in the hands of doctors and nurses did he submit, with moans, to his loss. For he had left behind him all that made life worth living—a useless stick of wood on its way to ashes.



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# McMullin Whisky Drama

IT was bound to come to Broadway, of course: the honest Irish family that made the best whisky in the State of Kentucky and was ruined by the ignorant prohibitionists. In the case of "Bottled in Bond," now in its second month at the Klaw Theatre, it's the McMullin family, and they came from Ireland, and they made honest whisky. And they grew up in the business, and the success of it brought the railroad and gave work to the countryside—and when McMullin died, his widow carried it on, holding the distillery in trust for the three members of the next generation, and meanwhile building up the business year by year.

No; we won't give away the whole plot, because there's a bare chance that you might go and not guess how it was going to end. Personally, we did guess it, but nevertheless we sat on the edge of our chair most of the time, and nearly died of anxiety watching the three incompetents of the new generation trying to play amateur bootleggers without the knowledge of their grandmother, old Mrs. McMullin. Practically all the time the stage was filled with whisky bottles. In the desk, in the bookcase, even inside the old clock. And it seemed certain that some one was going to find one of these bottles at any moment; whereupon, according to the rules of the play, the Federal officers would have arrested the family. Such a situation is excitement enough for any one.

We must confess (meanly) that we were a little upset in the beginning because, while Mrs. McMullin was as forthright and awe-inspring an old lady as ever thumped a cane, nevertheless her brogue was from the west of Ireland (or so we suppose—we've never been to the west of Ireland), whereas the younger generations of her family spoke a Southern dialect that was put on much as an amateur puts paint on his house. In fact, it was so thick that it made the butler, who was a genuine Southern Negro, sound almost like a denizen of Avenue A. Just how this terrific change of speech had come about in the McMullin household was not explained.

Once this defect was overlooked, nevertheless—and perhaps it isn't fair to expect Thomas Hardy realism in farce burlesque—the play became plausible, entertaining, and increasingly interesting with every act, until we found ourselves actually believing that the honest old lady who made the whisky was perfectly justified in her resentment against the young scion of the drys; who, of course, was in love with her granddaughter.

There is hokum in it, of course; the half-honest kind Winchell Smith might have written before Broadway really made him an expert. But the Misses Anne Collins and Alice Timoney, who were down on the script as the authoresses, have rested their case on reality mostly, and when they do depart from it they depart in the direction of whimsy and burlesque, so that the play is almost believable. In fact, their characterization of the gentleman who waited seventeen years to propose to one of the McMullins, and then decided to combine his honeymoon in Louisville with an undertaking course, offered us as much amusement as we've had in a long time. Moreover, the characterization ran true to form in that the people did what they probably would have done in every instance, and the play rose steadily to the proper if absurd climax.

In fact, the only fault that really mattered to us was the complete granite inhumanity of the grandmother, who apparently desired nothing so much as an opportunity to kick her brood into the street and yet was blandly represented as carrying on the distillery through thick and thin in order to create a trust fund that might take care of them when they finally reached their incompetent maturity. They certainly were incompetent, and one sympathized with the grandmother's view of them as amateur bootleggers. But the lack of emotion in the family made the whole thing just a shade hard to believe.

Meanwhile, the play is interesting as an instance of how the ideas that float around in people's minds are finally formulated and brought to life on the Broadway stage. We doubt if there was any one in the audience who didn't take an altogether childish delight in the spectacle of the life of wickedness on which the two fair lady bootleggers and the one gentleman embarked. The onlookers appeared to enjoy the whisky-bottle antics with the precise shade of appreciation which nowadays greets the gin bottle and the cocktail glasses when they appear and the party rubs its collective hands and says, "Ah!" Furthermore, it seemed to us that the authors shared this same delight and were themselves hugely entertained by the ideas they had chosen to present and, particularly, by the characters they had selected to embody them.

As another instance of the varied and complex state we are in on the subject of prohibition the play is a queer exhibit. As an entertainment it is very fair—and could be exceedingly good if a little more professional coaching were given several members of the cast, including a revision (preferably by the butler himself) of the prevailing Southern dialect which afflicts the particular trio who do most of the work.

Humorous, easy comedy is very rare —and this is very close to one. To our mind, it's worth making into a bang-up show.

**Francis R. Bellamy.**



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# The Season in Retrospect

*By* EUGENE BONNER

THE musical season of 1927–8 has to all intents and purposes come to a close after a winter of perhaps more than usual activity. Operas, orchestral performances, and recitals without number have followed fast on one another's heels, leaving critics and music lovers a little wearied and in many cases not a little bewildered.

Statistics, except as a matter of record, are apt to be dull reading, no matter how great their importance; besides which our limited space precludes our indulging ourself in any such luxuries even if so inclined, which, we may add, we most emphatically are not.

However, some items of a statistical order may not be altogether amiss, such as, for instance, the fact that musical entertainments up to the moment of writing number considerably over one thousand, which, estimating the season roughly at seven months, would give us an average of five concerts every day.

As a matter of fact, these lyric outpourings were not divided up in anything like so orderly or logical a manner, some days being almost empty of sweet sounds, while on a certain Sunday the outlandish number of musical events mounted up to eighteen, which left the gallant little army of music critics a distracted and well-nigh gibbering crew to face the early hours of Monday morning. Small wonder it would have been had the unfortunate fiddlers, yodelers, or thumpers who appeared that Monday afternoon got short shrift for their pains!

And there we are again up against the very difficult and almost insoluble situation where sincere and unbiased musical criticism is concerned. When an individual or group of individuals, after long and arduous preparations and expenditure of money (often in the case of débutantes the last few dollars available), gives a concert, that individual or group deserves the whole and undivided attention of the critic who attends that particular affair. Often an artist may be far from his best in the earlier part of the recital, and prove himself well worthy of attention in the latter part, and *vice versa.*

Now, when the chief critic and his first assistant have five or six events to cover in the course of a single evening—no uncommon occurrence—it's a physical impossibility to be present during more than half the concert at best, which is, of course, brutally unfair to the poor victim who is trying to market his or her wares, so to speak; but what to do—what to do?

We have in mind at the moment the case of a certain brilliant young critic who, conscientiously endeavoring to cover four concerts in the space of one evening (his associate being indisposed that special day), found himself arriving at each concert just in time for an intermission, with the result that after two and one-half hours' scrambling from the Metropolitan Opera House to the Town Hall, Town Hall to Carnegie, Carnegie to Steinway, and so on, he found that he had heard about twenty minutes of music all told!

About the only solution of the situation possible would be for the papers to send the principal critic and his assistant to the two concerts they think most worthy of note that afternoon or evening, and let all the other musical affairs be covered by reporters who would simply print the program, state the size of the audience and the reception accorded the artist. It would be hard on those particular artists not to have one of the critics present, but it would be far better than having some of the very unjust write-ups that they receive under the present system of reviewing. While they might not have got much "forrader" in the eyes of the public, they would at least not have got a damaging notice from some poor overworked critic who was conscientiously doing his best to be fair both to the artist and the reading public.

Perhaps the most important feature of the season was the appearance of the new operatic organization, "The American Opera Company," who gave mostly old favorites, their biggest drawing card proving, strangely enough, to be "Faust." Done by a cast of young people making up in looks and enthusiasm what they lacked in *finesse,* with costumes and settings in the modern manner by no less an artist than Robert Edmond Jones, this old operatic war-horse proved there was plenty of life in him yet.

An outstanding event in the orchestral world was the first performance in this city of the "Œdipus Rex" of Stravinsky by the Boston Symphony under the direction of Serge Koussivitsky. He was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and a number of distinguished soloists.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch brought on his organization from Detroit and gave us a beautiful performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" on Maundy Thursday, while the Friends of Music under Arthur Bodansky gave us the "St. John Passion" and the "Trauer Ode," so there was no neglect of the great Johann Sebastian.

A matter for regret was the disbanding, after a long career, of the New York Symphony Orchestra. However, it's not called that, but, instead, we're told that it's to be "merged" with the Philharmonic Society under the leadership of Arthur Toscanini, with William Mengelberg as associate and Walter Damrosch as guest conductor.

American composers were represented on the local orchestral programs as follows: The Boston Symphony played "A Pagan Poem," by C. M. Loeffler, and E. B. Hill's Symphony in B Flat. The New York Symphony gave us "New York Days and Nights" and "Poem" for piano and orchestra by Emerson Withorne, and Theodore Stearn's "Suite Capresa."

Charles Griffes's "Kubla Khan," an "Overture on Negro Themes" by J. P. Dunn, Schelling's "Morocco" and "A Victory Ball," and a "Negro Rhapsody" by Goldmark were given by the Philharmonic. None of these, needless to say, were conducted by Mr. Toscanini.

The Beethoven Symphony played "A bord de l'Etoile Matutinale," by Evelyn Berckman, Dunn's "We," "Cortège Macabre" by Aaron Copland, an overture by Philip James, "Imagery" by Horace Johnson, Whithorne's "Days and Nights," and "My Country" by Mortimer Wilson.

Aaron Copland's "Scherzo" was done by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy" and "Irish Rhapsody" were played by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra.

Taken in all, twenty performances of native orchestral compositions during a concert season which numbered between 190 and 200 concerts, which is not so bad but that it might be worse, but not so good that it mightn't be very much better.



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# The Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car

## A Tale for Children

*By* HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

Illustrated by Luxor Price

ONLY out of America could this fable have come. Mrs. Teague found that to her up-to-date youngsters such characters as Old Dobbin, Mooly Cow, and Brer Rabbit had become almost fairy-tale myths, and that the beloved family flivver furnished a more fascinating hero than the unfamiliar domestic animals of a bygone age. So in the good old-fashioned way around the family fireside she spun this modern tale with an ancient moral.

### A Fable for Modern Children

As told by Mrs. Helen W. Teague

ONCE upon a time a Big Shiny Car came purring out of the West and stopped solemnly at a red filling station for gas.

"Howdy, friend?" rattled a cheerful voice, and a Little Tin Car drew up alongside and began to drink, a broad and friendly smile on its radiator.

But the Big Shiny Car made no answer.

"How'd you find the roads?" wheezed the Little Tin Car, cocking its spot-light to one side.

The Big Shiny Car rolled its two great lamps haughtily.

"Roads," it purred, "never concern me. I can go anywhere."

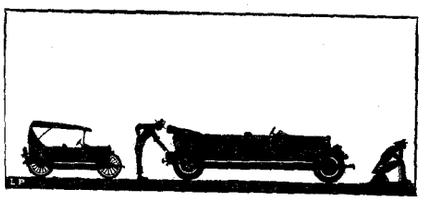
"So can I—if you give me time," chuckled the Little Tin Car hoarsely. "Engine O. K.?"

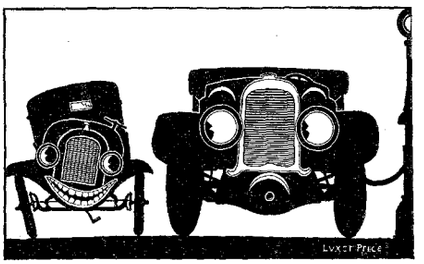
"Certainly!" The Big Shiny Car's voice was smooth but scornful.

"I suppose," teased the Little Tin Car, winking its one good lamp, "that you could even run without gas!"

"I never try," answered the Big Shiny Car, staring haughtily ahead.

But the Little Tin Car had made too many bad hills to grow so easily discouraged.





"How's roads?"

"Where are you going?" it rattled, hitching a rusty, dusty fender close to the other's long, glistening one.

"My driver and I," the Big Shiny Car condescended to answer, "are bound for the Great City. We shall reach there tomorrow night."

"Bless my headlights!" laughed the Little Tin Car hoarsely. "So are we. But we won't get there tomorrow night, nor the next, nor the next." And it gave a jovial rattle.

But with a disagreeable flash of its name plate, the Big Shiny Car had already glided away without so much as a backward glance.

"Pests, those little tin cars!" muttered its driver, and the Big Shiny Car shrugged its fenders in silent agreement.

Whistling cheerfully, the driver of the Little Tin Car busied himself putting in a new timer, fixing the carbureter, and changing the left rear tire, for he was a careful workman. Then climbing in, he slammed the door, and the Little Tin Car chugged off, rattling happily to itself: "Well, anyway, I make as much dust as anybody."

Meantime, purring and proud, the Big Shiny Car sped swiftly on its way, smooth mile after smooth mile, until all other cars were left far behind, and it entered into a desert region where there were no more filling stations. Glancing carelessly at the gas gauge, its driver went on.

But presently the Big Shiny Car began to feel very queer. It had never had such an uncomfortable sensation. Hard as it tried to go ahead, something seemed wrong with its insides. At last, with a little desperate cough, it trembled and stood still. Surprised, the driver got out and looked over his engine carefully, then climbing back into his seat, he tried again to start. With all its might the Big Shiny Car made a desperate effort to obey. It moved a few feet, coughed again, and stopped dead. Its master coaxed and swore, but there it stood, silent and ashamed, in the middle of the road.

The driver sat down on the fender to think. This was serious trouble. Few cars passed on that road, and even if one came, it might not have enough gas to tow them to the nearest garage. Like many drivers of big cars, he did not understand his engine very well. There was nothing to do but wait.

Late that afternoon the Big Shiny Car heard a familiar rattle in the distance. The rattle drew closer and closer, until at last, just at sundown, the Little Tin Car came chugging cheerfully into sight.

"What's the trouble?" Its driver gave a friendly hail and drew up alongside.

"Don't know." The other shook his head crossly. "I've looked it all over, and I can't find anything wrong."

"How's your gas?"

To this the master of the Big Shiny Car did not even answer, but the other driver got out and strolled around to the back.

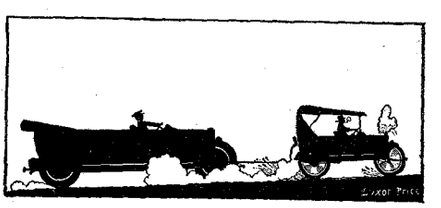
"You're all out of gas," he announced, trying not to smile.

The driver of the Big Shiny Car gasped.

"What?" he cried. "Why, I get sixteen miles to the gallon, and I filled up

(*Please turn to continuation, page 278*)

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.





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*By* W. R. BROOKS

JUST as every one of us has the secret conviction that he could write pretty good stories if he only had a little time to devote to it, so we all feel sure that we could produce good movies. The various small motion-picture cameras and projectors for home use now on the market have made it possible for us to test out this latter theory. But, judging by the results which we, personally, have so far seen, there is only the slightest foundation for it. Unquestionably, a lot of bad pictures are shown in the movie houses—stupid, trivial, silly, banal pictures which even the mentality of twelve years rejects as boring and untrue to life. Just the same, we'd rather watch the modern movie producer's idea of a Long Island house party than see father changing a tire or mother cutting flowers in the garden or little George turning somersaults.

Not long ago at an evening party our host was urged to bring out his screen and projector and show some ten guests a few reels of the pictures he had taken. We remember with bitterness how we added our voice to the general roar of entreaty. Chairs were arranged, the necessary paraphernalia set up, and one guest stationed at the light switch. The first picture showed dim stone buildings doing a sort of slow waltz. "Pictures of Junior's graduation," said our host. "That's the college library. Most of these were taken in the rain, so they aren't as clear as we'd have liked to have them." The buildings became violently agitated, then slid downhill into oblivion, and after an interval of plain gray, which we supposed was the rain, a procession of figures in cap and gown was visible about eight miles away. "There's Junior," exclaimed our hostess, excitedly. "The fifth one on the other side." Then the procession turned upside down and vanished. But why go on? It was all like that. Later, it is true, there were close-ups of Junior smiling, of Junior making faces, of Junior a long way off, on top of a hill, looking his last on a campus invisible to the camera. Of father shaking hands with Junior, of father (taken by mother) apparently having St. Vitus's Dance, of mother, with Junior's arm about her, looking—well, we like her, so let's say she was looking radiant. And there were many, many pictures of the rain, made more interesting occasionally by the introduction of odd, unrecognizable shapes, some of which, we learned, were part of the college faculty. We have known college faculties that were rather like that.

Well, we sat through several reels of this, then several more of men either going into or coming out of a doorway, lighting cigars. These latter, we believe, were taken at a convention of some sort our host had recently attended. Occasionally the men would come up to the camera and look arch and make a wisecrack before lighting the cigar. Sometimes they lit the cigar first. But they always lit it. And they always looked arch, and then our host would say: "That's John Delaney. He's a great card." And those of us who were still awake would laugh, feebly appreciative.

Now we have endeavored to be absolutely fair about this. We don't believe we have overdrawn the picture. It's a fair sample of what the amateur movie is like. It is true, some of them are better, immeasurably better. But your amateur movie man must have two things—some knowledge of what his camera will and won't do, and some discrimination in a choice of subjects, some sense of news values. Probably anybody could take interesting pictures in Somaliland. But in a setting every detail of which is familiar to us selection must be carefully done.

We recommend, therefore, to those who have invested in home movie outfits that they keep their first efforts for family consumption. Do not be misled by the encomiums of friends. Some friends will be polite even in the last gasps of *ennui* and disgust. The hypocritical politeness of even our dearest friends is one of the saddest things in life. And if you must entertain an evening party with movies, rent a couple of good films from your dealer—a Charlie Chaplin, or a slow-motion golf film of Bobby Jones, or a tennis film of Bill Tilden. There are an amazing number of good films that can now be rented. Animated cartoons, Lindbergh, the World War, Lawrence in Arabia, travel pictures, some selections from "Grass," animal pictures, to say nothing of regular short photoplays.

Also, you can buy films. Very shortly after the west-bound transatlantic flight of the Bremen several stores were advertising for sale reels of 16-mm. film showing the take-off in Ireland, scenes on Greenly Island, in Montreal, and the reception and parade in New York. This is a film news service that will unquestionably increase in quality and volume with the wider distribution of home projectors. Eventually, no doubt, we will be able to see all important and interesting events within a few hours of their occurrence. And already the collection of a film library is becoming something of a fad. We don't see why some of these libraries mightn't, in the future, be very interesting and valuable possessions.

As for the outfits themselves, there are a number on the market, and if you contemplate investing in one, you will want to go more thoroughly into the advantages of the different makes than we can here. We wish merely to recommend something which we believe should prove a fascinating hobby—a hobby for stay-at-homes as well as for travelers.



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# The Movies

*By* A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

### "The Street of Sin"

TWO great stars have come to grief on religion in the past few months. The first was Douglas Fairbanks, with "The Gaucho," and the second is Emil Jannings, whose "The Street of Sin" is so bad that his own fine performance fails to redeem it.

The story was filmed in Hollywood, with an all-Teutonic staff in charge, and the scene is laid in Whitechapel; in addition to Jannings, the cast contains such performers as Fay Wray and Olga Baklanova. One would have thought something faintly worth while might have come of all this—but it hasn't. The account of Basher Bill's (Mr. Jannings) flop from crime to piety is so clumsily handled that it's pathetic.

Admirers of the screen's chief character actor are advised to avoid this picture, and those who have never seen him would do well to wait until he has something better to offer.

### "The End of St. Petersburg"

DESPERATELY earnest and crammed with feeling and imagination is this new Soviet picture which Arthur Hammerstein is sponsoring on our shores. It deals with the events leading up to the Bolshevist uprising, beginning in 1914 and ending, tastefully enough, with the downfall of Kerensky's Government; no attempt is made to dilate on the present advantages enjoyed by the former slaves of the Czar.

Every actor and every actress in the big production gives an extraordinary performance. Please don't ask us for a list of their names, but accept our assurrance that, as types and as artists, they're good beyond belief. Alexis Davor, the young giant who has the most important male rôle, bears a curiously distorted resemblance to our own Colonel Lindbergh, and his transition from insensate peasant to soldier and thinker is thoroughly impressive.

As in "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "Czar Ivan the Terrible," the continuity is subordinated to the camera, with the result that no little confusion ensues; the film gets worse in this respect as it goes along.

Regarding the picture's authenticity some better authority than the present chronicler must be consulted. No real

people are shown, excepting Kerensky, whose portrayer appears only briefly. The other characters are all unknown workers, soldiers, and sailors; and any one who expects to see such episodes as the deaths of the royal family or orgies at Court will be disappointed. To all who are interested in the new Russia, or in the trend of the modern motion picture, or both, this film is warmly recommended. The deadly seriousness of the picture is enhanced by the way in which Mr. Pudowkin, the director, has concentrated on these factory toilers and the industrial profiteers who ground them down both in the munitions plant and on the battlefield. "And why?" as the subtitles repeatedly inquire; "For what?"

A modernistic score has been arranged by Herbert Stothart, a musician of ability, but we must say that its horrible dissonances grew well-nigh unbearable before the evening was over. Even when Mr. Stothart introduced passages from Tschaikovsky he had them played out of tune—which seems to us to be carrying harshness to unnecessary lengths.

### "The News Parade"

WE went to "The News Parade" filled with pleasant memories of "The High School Hero," that grand picture which Davd Butler also directed and in which Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps also appeared.

Of Mr. Butler's new film it can be said that the direction is on a par with "The High School Hero" and that the young stars have lost none of their freshness. The story (also written by William Conselman) doesn't come up to the first production by quite a good deal. It's skillfully done, and full of action, but it comes far from getting the maximum quota of thrills and laughs out of that colorful adventurer, the newsreel cameraman.

It presents him, on the contrary, in the least palatable of all his aspects—the invader of privacy. In action and in subtitle the film seeks to show that the newsreel photographer is unjustly barred from places where his duty to the public should be sufficient invitation, and that those who exclude him are thus persons of mean spirit and indefensible snobbery. With this tenet we don't happen to agree, so the picture lacked appeal for us.

If you don't think this point is worth bothering about, see the picture and enjoy its scenic variety, spontaneity, and breeziness; these qualities are all there in abundance, and Miss Phipps and young Stuart are just as cute as they can be—both of them.

### "The Triumph of The Rat"

THIS picture seems to be a sequel to another British production called (we think) "The Rat." Perhaps, if one had seen the mother film, this one would appear less meaningless, but since we never saw "The Rat," we can only remark that its sequel is pretty hopeless. Seeking, in fact for some means of labeling this British cinema, one is irresistibly drawn toward that quaint American adjective, "cheesy."

Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans, two leading English stars of both screen and legitimate, are to be seen in "The Triumph of The Rat," but they are handicapped so by the silly story, the outrageous lighting, and indifferent direction that their salaries might as well have been thrown down the rat-hole.

We admired "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands," and we wish our blood brothers over the water all possible success with their film-making. If they curtail the incomes of a few big cloak and suit men in Hollywood by their activities, it's something we can face with amazing fortitude.

But they'll have to get up a little earlier, and study a lot harder, if they're going to do it.



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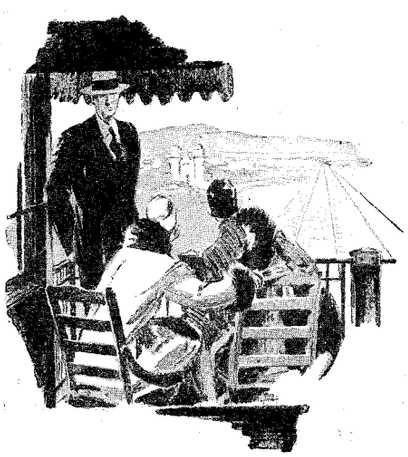

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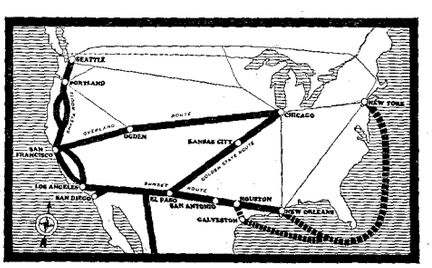


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# A Third Giant

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

AT a luncheon table in a New York club, one of the most picturesque adventures in American financial history came to an end and another began. Clarence Dillon sold the Dodge Company to Walter P. Chrysler, or, to be more exact, these two gentlemen arranged for the acquisition of Dodge by the Chrysler Corporation.

The Dodge Company will retain its individuality as a manufacturing organization, but its days as a separate financial unit are numbered. Before the summer is over it will be a part of the third largest automobile producing company in the world, second only to General Motors and Ford.

A little more than three years ago Clarence Dillon, who had spent some of his youthful years as an art student in Paris, literally dazzled not only the financial community but the whole Nation by purchasing, for Dillon, Read & Co., the Dodge Brothers automobile properties for $146,000,000, and then, after taking $14,000,000 in cash from the company's treasury, reselling these properties to the public for $160,000,000 plus a commission in stock. Many Conservative bankers had estimated that the properties were worth not more than $120,000,000 at the outside, but the public disagreed, and the common stock shot up from its offering price of about $20 a share to nearly $50 within a few months.

But the Dodge stock turned out to be something of a "morning glory," as sporting writers call a young baseball player who is a Ty Cobb in April and a third-rater in June. Less than a year after it was offered its holders realized that they had been over-eager. Earnings began to shrink, and the price of the stock headed downward. Early this year it sold as low as $16 a share.

In the meantime the old Maxwell Corporation, rechristened Chrysler, was making and selling cars in increasingly large numbers. In 1923 it stood twenty-seventh among American manufacturers in volume of production. At the time of Dillon, Read's acquisition of Dodge it stood fifth. In 1927 it moved up to third place.

The majority of automobile mergers are between companies whose products supplement each other. General Motors, whose success has been legendary, long ago adopted the slogan "A Car for Every Purse and Purpose." All their cars are in different price fields. Since many of the Dodge and Chrysler cars compete directly, the merger came as a complete surprise, and many financiers and manufacturers cannot yet see the logic of the combination. They all, though, have the profoundest respect for the wizardry of Walter P. Chrysler, who started his business career as a railroad mechanic and who is now not only one of the great American mechanics but a marvelous financier, salesman, and organizer as well. They are waiting for him to show them the solution for the problem which they cannot see themselves.

Mr. Dillon was the target for a good deal of criticism at the time he purchased Dodge. (There were cries of "Water—water.") But the terms of the merger indicate that he did not charge an exorbitant price for the Dodge securities. The preferred and common shares were offered, as a unit, at $100 a share. The holder of one of these units will receive one and one-fifth shares of Chrysler common, which were worth on the day the amalgamation was announced something more than $100. Considering the fact that the company has been losing ground fairly steadily, the price which Mr. Dillon set on his securities in 1925 does not seem excessive. If Dodge had even approximated its promise of three years ago, they would have been distinctly under-priced. As it was, Mr. Dillon might have felt that he had been a little over-generous when he saw Dodge common selling on the Stock Exchange at a price nearly 150 per cent above what he had charged the public.

With that chapter ended, interest centers now on the Chrysler Corporation and its founder. No one doubts that the organization will retain its position in the van of automobile manufacturers. The question asked is—Will Chrysler become another General Motors, with seven or eight makes of cars, covering all the price fields? Such a development is far from impossible. Right now Chrysler is putting out a new car, the De Soto. It is conceivable that the new Dodge will be so changed as to put it into a different class from all the present Chrysler products. The building of another General Motors would be an adventure indeed.

Mr. Chrysler has been President of



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the Buick Company, one of the General Motors subsidiaries, and if any man in the business is qualified to build another really comprehensive horizontal combination in the automobile business, it is he. Ten years ago it was the conventional opinion that a combination that even approached General Motors in size would prove unwieldy. Now, of course, the business world scans the horizon for another General Motors with the same expectancy that it watches for "the great American novel."

General Motors units have derived many benefits from their combination. Among the most valuable are the pooling of engineering skill and the efficiency of the dealer organization. General Motors, for instance, is the only company with a complete proving ground, on which not only G. M. C. products but those of competitors as well are tested exhaustively. Probably no other company except Ford could afford such an expenditure. As for the dealers, it is obvious that, in small communities, they will usually be more satisfied and more alert with a wide variety of cars than with only one make.

Members of the Chrysler organization have denied casually that any more acquisitions are being considered for the moment. Probably the absorption of Dodge will require all the company's attention for some time to come. Mr. Chrysler, though, has never denied any of the many published predictions that it will not be many months before some other company, perhaps a body concern or an accessory builder, will come under his banner. And he has never set any limit for the growth of his company.

Three groups—General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler—now control about eighty per cent of the country's automobile production. The last five years have seen the number of automobile makes reduced from 650 to less than sixty. The rich manufacturers have been getting richer and the poor poorer. Sociologists may regret the elimination of the smaller manufacturers, but the automobilist, who has profited so greatly by the efficiency of the big units, is well satisfied.


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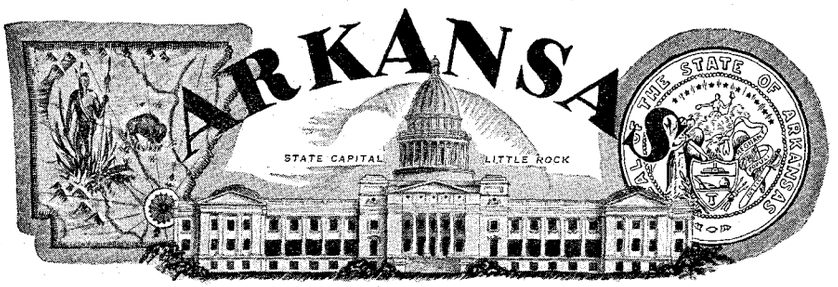


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## I Change My Mind on Prohibition

*(Continued from page 254)*

sent to women, and I cannot help but feel that when the result was published in the press it surprised the majority of the people who read it. I can understand this, because the women who favor prohibition are organized—such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Law Enforcement League. They have tremendous publicity; they appear before hearings of the various Legislatures and Congress and do not hesitate to state that "they speak for the women of America." This, I know, is not the fact. It may be that they speak for a great many, but their number is steadily diminishing, and, in my opinion, as soon as the women who are opposed to prohibition organize and become articulate they will be able to do more towards bringing about a change in the conditions which exist today than any organization composed solely of men.

IT is interesting to note that those who favor prohibition put that issue ahead of all others. I find this particularly true among women. In almost every instance the woman who is a so-called "dry" judges a candidate entirely upon his stand on that one issue; she will support a man who is a so-called "dry" without even taking enough interest to question his stand on other matters, such as National defense, immigration, tariff, and taxation, all of which are of vital importance to our country. She has what some of us call a "one-plank mind." Some men and women even go so far as to accuse those who have the courage of their convictions and are willing to jeopardize their political futures by advocating a change of seeking to nullify the Constitution. They forget that the Bill of Rights assures to every person in the land the enjoyment of freedom of speech, that the right of free and open discussion is essential if we are to solve our problems, that if one citizen is justified in urging the enactment of a law, another citizen is equally justified in urging its repeal if he has reached the honest conviction that the law is evil.

On the other hand, I have never seen a woman who was opposed to prohibition refuse to support a candidate who favored prohibition if his record on other issues was commendable.

Another curious thing about some women who favor prohibition is that they sometimes support men who they know personally break the Prohibition Law but who they feel they can count upon to vote to sustain it.

At this time a serious burden rests on the men and women who have political responsibility. I believe the time has come to state frankly one's attitude in regard to the Prohibition Law. The whole question is befogged in insincerity. Men and women who know in their hearts that prohibition has not been and cannot be enforced, who know that it is breeding contempt for our Constitution, making hypocrites of many people, and costing our Government millions of dollars, are unwilling to commit themselves publicly because they are fearful of antagonizing or afraid of offending some element of public opinion.

I have a wholesome respect for the consistent "dry" who believes in the Volstead Act, and lives up to it.

I have little respect for the person who believes prohibition to be a failure and is afraid to express his honest convictions.

I have no respect for the person who votes one way and lives another. Unfortunately, I know this practice exists among many of our public officials.

I have little respect for the person who, because he is able to purchase all of the alcoholic beverages he may need for his personal use, is too lazy or too indifferent to make it possible for one less fortunate financially to obtain the same product at a reasonable figure.

I am convinced that, eventually, there will have to be a meeting of minds so that the Prohibition Law may be amended in some manner so as to bring about the temperance which is desired by every one. And this can only be accomplished by complete tolerance of one another's point of view.



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## What of the Religions?

(*Continued from page 253*)

When a church organization establishes a settlement and provides workers to teach the denizens of the slums the rudiments of housekeeping, of thrift, of cleanliness, it is not, in so far, making use of a religious method. It would be doing so only if the workers were instructed to point to faith in God and Christ and to reliance on prayer as the means of achieving the desired transformation of individual and of social habits. So-called social work and education, which constitute an increasingly large part of the activity of the churches called progressive, is a non-religious method.

The teaching in Sunday schools of ethical principles and ideals by means of the lives of great and good men, or even with the help of the beautiful parables of the Gospel, is no more a religious method than any of those in current use in the secular schools. Only in so far as the virtues are presented as of transcendental nature and in so far as it is sought to implant them in man by the direct action of a social God, can one speak of the method of the religions.

One cannot very well refuse to admit that the churches usually regarded as progressive and effective are those which make the widest use of the secular and the least use of the religious method.

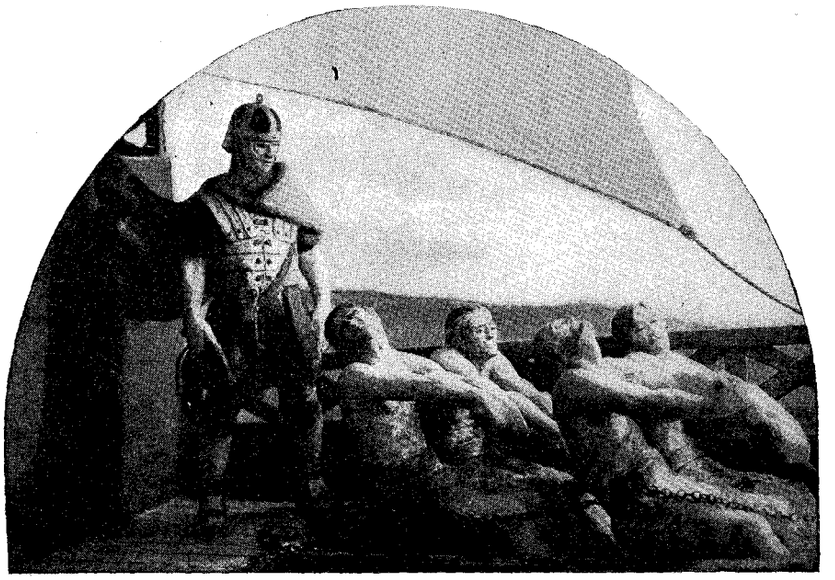
THE problem before the disabused world is not to find out what religion really is or should be; that is a misstatement. The problem is how best to live; it has two main parts:

1. The determination of the goal to be reached, of the *summum bonum*, as the ethical philosophers say. To be adequate the goal should satisfy both the head and the heart; it should call forth enthusiastic allegiance. This part of the problem is one of the foremost tasks of philosophy. A perfect solution of it would come only with perfect knowledge and wisdom; but solutions sufficient to direct and sustain human effort may be had at a lower level.

2. The determination of the way, the method, or technique for reaching the goal. This part of the problem concerns the sciences; the physical sciences tell us how to control the physical universe; and the biological, psychological, and social sciences how to control the forces manifested in man so that he may move towards the desired goal.

The religions claim to have solved these two vital problems; they have set forth goals and they have offered a method of attaining them. Their solution, fruit of alleged revelations in times of ignorance, is no longer acceptable. What may take their place is a question beyond the scope of this paper. Many signs point to the application of the term to something very different from the traditional religions. Whether or not the word shall remain when the present form of worship shall have passed away, matters extraordinarily little. What matters is that, instead of letting ourselves be bewitched by the magic of ancient words, formulæ, and institutions, we should face with an open mind the great double problem: Where shall we go? What method of progression shall we adopt?

IN order to check a clamor of mistaken objections, I beg permission to repeat that I have not spoken of everything which may be included under "religion," but exclusively of the method characteristic of the religions—*i. e.*, of the attempt to enter into a social relation with transcendental beings in order to secure their assistance.

# GALLEY SLAVES

WITH ACHING BODIES, stung by a whip-lash, the galley slaves forced their clumsy boats along. A tragic picture!

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# Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

## Bad Girl Yourself

WE have had the distinction of causing the cancellation of one subscription to The Outlook. It is a dubious pleasure, as we are by nature conciliatory and like to be liked; but it is one which provides an opportunity for a few plain words on the whole duty of a reviewer. Plainly, then, his duty is to give a brief outline of the subject-matter of the book in hand and to make such critical comment as he is capable of upon its setting, characterization, treatment, and manner of presentation. It is no part of his duty to recommend books. We agree. Our comment on "Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar, was ill received in one quarter. Because we praised this book and recommended it to young men and women we were found unfit to review books at all.

There is some mistake here. Most people when they say of a novel that it is good or bad speak actually of the subject-matter—that it is or is not acceptable to them. In no other field of literature is this so. If you do not like books on Arabian adventure or Finnish statesmen, you do not read them. If you do, you read and say it is well done, or it is not. But you read a novel, no matter what it is about, and then proceed to criticise it on its subject-matter, thereby choosing the one entirely illegitimate basis for criticism. Of a novel you may say, as of any other book: The author attempted to do this or that; he did or did not succeed. Or you may say: It is a story of young love; I do not like young love, so that story is no good. The first is the foundation of all proper reviewing. The second is the foundation of most chat about novels and is nonsense. However, you may eschew criticism and still recommend. You may say: Read this because it deals truthfully with something about which it is useful for you to know. This has nothing to do with reviewing. It partakes of the irresistible impulse to guide, direct, or lead. When we wrote about "Bad Girl," we obeyed that impulse.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

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**St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;**
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***Houston*—Teolin Pillot Company;**
**San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;**
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**Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;**
**Los Angeles—Bullock's;**
**Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;**
***Cincinnati*—Stewart Kidd.**

### Fiction

**"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni.** This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

**"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers.** This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed May 30.

**"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons.** Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

**"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright.** Lorelei Lee turns authoress and writes to warn girls "what they should stop doing." Funny; and if you enjoyed the first one, you will like this—almost as well. Reviewed last week.

**"Bad Girl," by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co.** This is the story of the courtship, first married year, and baby of a boy and girl, earnest, anxious to "be good," "dumb," and foolish—the well-known backbone of America. It is truthful and moving, distinguished by honesty of purpose rather than by beauty of style. Reviewed herewith.

### Non-Fiction

**"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co.** This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

**"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.** This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

**"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.** The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

**"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright.** If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

**"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.** This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22, 1927.

We should like to give the story of "Bad Girl" in greater detail than we have in these columns, but it has already been allowed more space than its literary value warrants. We do not find it notable in literary quality. Viña Delmar has a retentive memory; her book bears strongly the mark of autobiography. She has a fine selective sense which enables her to choose the universal elements in her particular experience, forthright honesty, and a warm humanity which enriches her simple story. We do not see that her creative talent is greater than that of plenty of other young people articulate and impelled to write. We quite frankly recommended her book on subject-matter, and touched only lightly on its literary worth. We believed, and still believe, that it is a good book for young people to read. It deals honestly, hopefully, and purely with what will, if they are fortunate, be the greatest thing in their lives. Our angry client would have been entirely right if she had said that we, as a reviewer, had no business to recommend any book. And she is more than right in rejecting our recommendation.

We are always urging readers to take no one's say-so for books; and we were recently enraged by a kind friend who recommended Temple Bailey's books to our daughter. But our erstwhile client, not approving our recommendation, damned us as a reviewer. She told us, furthermore, that five out of seven members of the Literary Guild's board of judges had resigned when "Bad Girl" was chosen for the subscribers. Of that we know nothing. Being obstinately determined to choose our own books, we have no traffic with guilds-of-the-month. But if they did, how should that affect our judgment? We have disagreed with judges before now. If the judges had resigned in a body and left the job of selling books to the booksellers, we should still maintain that "Bad Girl" is not a Bad Book. So we repeat, "Bad Girl" is average in form, admirable in content. But we do not recommend it. Hereafter we review only, we never



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recommend (well, hardly ever). Hereafter we shall be clever, sweet friends, and let who will be public-spirited.

Courtesy Brooklyn Museum

FOREST POOL

**A block print by Rockwell Kent**

## There Is Science and Science

By

AMOS N. WILDER

**"Possible Worlds," by J. B. S. Haldane.** Harper & Brothers.
**"The Misbehaviorists," by Harvey Wickham.** Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press.

"How little true science we have!" exclaims Harvey Wickham, as he surveys the findings of Freud, Watson, McDougall, and the many popularizers of today. "Much that goes by the name of science is but semi-science, pseudo-science, false-science, or no science at all." He thinks it time that we call a halt on the pretensions of the scientists, and show what little ground they have for banishing God and the soul from their hypotheses. The assumptions of mechanism that underlie psychology today he diagnoses as the inevitable echo in the laboratories of an age "self-deprived of conscious communion with God."

If we are on the eve of a reaction to the claims of science, such a book as this of Haldane will serve to temper it. In these fascinating papers we find, indeed, that over-confidence we all have in our own specialties. The author betrays some of the provincialism and arrogance of the expert. But the book is a testimony to the victories of the intelligence at work among the "ills that flesh is heir to." It is true that Wickham does not carry his raid far into the territory of biochemistry and biology that concerns Haldane. But, in any case, Haldane is so good a scientist in keeping to his facts that Wickham would probably not place him among those who misbehave. The bit of acrid polemic and negation that appears in Haldane is directed against the obscurantists, not against those who affirm a faith.

Scientists like Haldane are doing a great deal of good in jarring the Fundamentalists. We who have a spiritual view of life can permit them a little extravagance. They like to shock their enemies. Haldane is willing that men should believe, but in the spirit of true science he asks that they believe with more circumspection. "Blake," he reminds us, "asked somewhat doubtfully of the tiger,

> 'Did he who made the lamb make thee?' "

and then adds, "The same question applies with equal force to the tapeworm." Such shrewd thrusts will help our back-numbers to enlarge their conception of God. Haldane is not concerned with the theological issue, but with the human results. "As long as people thought that cholera epidemics were a punishment for the people's sins, they continued. When it was found that they were due to a microbe, they stopped." Today, he thinks, "morality" and "orthodoxy" are opposing sensible and humane legislation and attitudes at other points. A note of stern prophecy, even, creeps into the pages of this devotee of brains, as when he says that "if civilization perishes from the overproduction of 'undermen' it will be because the governing classes cared more for wealth than for justice."

But there *are* scientists who have misbehaved. Science with a big "S" has been swollen with effrontery and has practiced a wholesale intimidation. A superficial age has applauded, and scientists and their popularizers have become just a little dizzy. At this point appears Wickham with some very relevant remarks, especially about the pampered favorites of an age that turns to Endor and Vienna for its self-knowledge. The book market has been full of best-sellers by lay preachers of Science, Bishops of Main Street, gladiators of Huxleyism, who are not aware that important areas of human experience are a sealed book to them. Their raw assurance has added to the confusion of today. So Wickham takes these Misbehaviorists one by one and has a good time with them. He kindly but firmly leads them back from the pulpit and rostrum to the laboratory and suggests that they stay within their own precincts.

But he is not the man to write this book. It needs to be written, indeed. But we feel that Wickham is not the equal of all his protagonists. To take on Dorsey, Wiggam, Durant, and Browne is all right; but to meet Freud or Watson on their own ground is ambitious. It is easy to make any writer look ridiculous by the methods which Wickham adopts. But we suspect he does not understand these latter gentlemen, really. We happen to know that he is unfit to deal with Lewis Browne and "This Believing World," much as Browne needs to be dealt with. For Wickham is evidently unconversant with Biblical studies. Let him give some attention to these, and he will find, for example, that it was by no means "gross



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inadvertence" that led Browne to speak of Jesus' birth "in Nazareth."

The fact is, Wickham has not the key to the whole business. For all his brilliancy, he is a Fundamentalist. He has never felt that fine curiosity that characterizes the "modern temper" (his *bête noire*) for the understanding of second causes. You, Mr. Wickham, may be satisfied that Paul had a revelation from God. We want to know how! and we have to study psychology, dreams, hysteria, and other things to approach that knowledge. We not only want to know how apples fall and pendulums swing, but why men dream, why they misbehave, and how saints grow.

## Four Recent Novels

By KATHLEEN KELEMEN

"AMBITION," by Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. Woman as go-getter is the theme of Mr. Train's latest novel: the more or less familiar type who uses mere man as the tool of her own strong purposes. Mr. Train begins with a man as principal character, to be sure, but when Clarice Hungerford makes her appearance she steps to the center of the stage and holds it to the end.

Simon Kent's father was a freethinking professor who taught his son always to do and say the things he felt he should. While at Harvard Simon finds himself. He resolves to "dedicate his life to Truth, Reason, and Justice—through the medium of the legal career." He does, but Clarice makes this noble resolution very difficult of achievement for a time.

She is beautiful, clever, and ambitious, but her ambitions are only for wealth and social prestige. The way she forces her friends into cheerful subservience to her wishes is fascinating in its ruthlessness. She does not go timidly, but strides bravely forth. There are times when she errs, but she is quick to realize it. She never makes the same mistake twice. Mr. Train has painted her boldly yet in detail. The other woman enters the story and she is charming, but Clarice dwarfs her in interest.

It is obvious that Mr. Train knows just what he wants to say, and he knows how to say it. The plot is conventional, but the author shows his usual ability in making a slight story entertaining. In "Ambition," as in most of the things that Mr. Train has written, the reader is taken behind the scenes in a lawyer's office and is shown intimately, and sometimes amusingly, how legal technicalities can affect one's every-day life. Here there is humor and not a little satire.

Through the book Clarice moves, self-possessed, serene, sure of herself, a combination of Becky Sharp and Zuleika Dobson. She is a splendid animal—a magnificent tiger most of the time. And Mr. Train depicts her with sympathy. Despite her vanity and selfish ruthlessness, the reader is astonished to find that he does not dislike her.

The book only *threatens* to become a tragedy. Mr. Train's characters do not go very deeply into life. Like lawyers, they know that a compromise or an appeal is always possible. Problems come up, are solved. To Mr. Train life is beautiful if it is interesting. It need not be sweet.

"Scabby Dichson," by Richard Blaker (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) is a powerful and illuminating story of a growing boy's heart and mind. Scabby's nickname was not a reflection upon his person, but is derived from his epic appetite for the crusty tops of puddings. The author introduces his character at the age of nine and takes him through school days in India. It is a story of a lonely and inhibited boy whose life and fate were determined by the fact that he was an orphan and virtually a charity pupil. Lacking the normal background of a boy, he was unable to cope with an experience which reflected on his honor. He has his Gethesemane upon a rock on a moonlit night with a pet mongoose. He determined to kill himself and the pet. He kills the mongoose. The death of the pet snapped the boy's psychological tension and brought him back to sanity. The experience, however, left him emotionally maimed.

Mr. Blaker has created in this book a character almost as enthralling as any of Dickens's famous schoolboys. The book reveals a deep understanding of the psychology of boyhood.

"Once More Ye Laurels," by David Cort (the John Day Company, Inc.), is not strictly speaking a novel. It is a series of vignettes. The book starts with Camilla Weymouth, back in 1790. She was a talented musician. Before she could make a career for herself she married. Six daughters resulted from the marriage. The mother wanted one of her children to find the beauty she had sought. The last daughter, Camilla, was not musically talented, but she had a flair for making wax miniatures and writing poetry. Her mother chose her to make the career she had meant to make. But Camilla missed a career. She, too, fell by the wayside and side-tracked her art in domesticity. So the story goes on of the following descendants who had inward stirrings that were frustrated. Still each parent felt that his offspring would reach the goal he had sought in vain. Then we reach young Dorney Dorney-Peters. His father, a university profes-



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sor, was going some day to write a great novel or play. But he, too, passed the task on to his son. Dorney Dorney-Peters had been taught from infancy that he was a genius; that his destiny was a high one. His failure led to suicide:

The author has achieved a book that is of special interest because its roots are entirely American. He has attempted to do what Glenway Wescott did so admirably in "The Grandmothers."

"The Son," by Hildur Direlius, translated by Anna C. Settergren (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a story of life in northern Sweden a hundred years ago. The story centers around Erik Anton, son of Sara Alelia. It is a drama of intense mysticism among a people who are always meditating on God's love and its significance to them as individuals. The story is simple enough. It is life, love, and death as they come to Erik Anton. The poignancy of the drama is deepened by the reticence with which it is handled. The people of the novel, living in a harsh, ungracious environment, have turned their Christianity into an almost Oriental fatalism. Their philosophy is an unconscious pessimism summarized in the phrase, "God's will be done." The story concerns a whole people rather than a number of individuals, their bare intense lives, their aching sincerities, their immersion in superstition, the supernatural, and such occult things as second sight. Their life is a simple formula: Love God, and if things go wrong He, in his infinite wisdom, eventually will make them right again. Their faith never wavers. It is continually being bolstered up by visions, premonitions, and "portents."

How implicitly these people trust in God is shown when Erik Anton's young daughter is betrothed to a lecherous old man. Her father and her grandmother try to make her see the man as he is. Failing, they make the preparations for the wedding, trusting that God will prevent it. He does by paralyzing the girl on her wedding day. Modern science would explain the paralysis in psychological terms, but they called it God's intervention.

It is a simple tale about a simple people.

*THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.*

# Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Robert Ormond Case's
**Riders of the Grande Ronde**
Doubleday, Doran

It wasn't until we reached page 304 that we discovered that this windy, wordy, wild Western tale was a piece of very subtle publicity for Cornell University. For what is it that finally tips the heroine into the hero's arms? He has proved himself brave, modest, resourceful, everything a hero should be. And then she makes the tremendous discovery: "He was a Cornell man. Even in matters of culture he was her equal, her superior." The villain is also a Cornell man, so it is a battle of giants. The villain is eloquent, too. He always addresses her as "My queen." We thought that charming. But not so charming as the hero's modesty. "I was an ace overseas," he says simply, when at the end the only escape from the blazing canyon is by the airplane which they have found. And he'd never even mentioned it before in all the 365 preceding pages. We call that grand.

Agnes Danforth Hewes's
**Swords on the Sea**
Knopf

The romance of trade in the days when Tiepolo was Doge of Venice. The adventures of a boy who wants to be a merchant rather than enter the navy, who sails for Acre with the Oriental Caravan, visits Damascus, wins the favor of the Queen of a Bedouin tribe, and, as a result of becoming involved in a complicated deal in perfume, pepper, and wheat, finally saves the Republic twice over, once by land and once by sea, from the domination of its bitter rival, Genoa. A fast-moving story of a picturesque time, written, we judge, for boys. But grown-ups, if they don't insist on character drawing or wit or depth of subtlety, will pass a pleasant enough hour or two with it.

C. J. S. Thompson's
**Mysteries and Secrets of Magic**
Lippincott

A hodgepodge of facts dealing with the practice of magic from the earliest times up to the present. There is no general theory, no connecting thread running through the book, and some of the facts are so lightly treated as to be almost unintelligible. Nevertheless it is a very entertaining book to dip into, and there are a lot of interesting illustrations. Also, if you want to practice a little magic in your spare time, there are complete directions. Some of the materials, of course, are difficult to get. Lion's gall, for instance. That would be a hard one.


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LA PERICHOLE

"She had never realized any love save love as a passion. Many who have spent a life in it can tell us less of love than the child that lost a dog yesterday."

UNCLE PIO

"He possessed the attributes of the adventurer, a memory for names and faces, with the aptitude for altering his own. His eyes are as sad as those of a cow that has been separated from its tenth calf."

THE MARQUESA DE MONTEMAYOR

"All she could ask of a god, or of immortality, was the gift of a place where daughters love their mothers; the other attributes of Heaven you could have for a song."

BROTHER JUNIPER

"It seemed to brother Juniper that it was high time for Theology to take its place among the exact sciences. Coming from anyone but Brother Juniper, this plan would be the flower of a perfect scepticism."

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"He discovered that secret from which one never recovered, that even in the most perfect love one person loves less profoundly than the other."

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But if you suffer from unrequited love, or wish to slay an enemy or to observe at first hand the habits of demons, there is nothing simpler. Indeed, we don't know why magic wouldn't be a nice hobby. Perhaps we will start a correspondence course in it. Just to whet your curiosity, we know two signs. One, written on a plate of tin, will drive away flies. The other, written on virgin parchment with the blood of a bat, will gain the love of the lady you desire. All you have to do is show it to her. "But take heed that thou showest to none but she whom thou desirest, for if thou do she will go mad and die." We will gladly send you either of these, but don't for goodness' sake leave the second one lying around the house.

## The Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car

(*Continued from page 265*)

less than a hundred and fifty miles back."

"Don't know what you get on a gallon," said the other, "but you're all out now."

Silently the Big Shiny Car and the Little Tin Car stood, listening to the words of their masters.

"I think," wheezed the Little Tin Car kindly, "I could tow you to a filling station. I'll try, anyhow!"

The Big Shiny Car tried to laugh scornfully, but it only managed a sickly smile.

"You'll do well," it breathed weakly, "to get your own self to a filling station."

But the driver of the Little Tin Car was already fastening a tow rope to the Big Shiny Car. He climbed in, slammed the door, started his engine, and off they went. The Little Tin Car barked and struggled, chugged and panted, but little by little it moved ahead, the Big Shiny Car rolling helplessly behind. It was a long, hard pull, and by the time they reached the end of the desert the Little Tin Car was boiling tremendously and all out of breath, but very pleased and proud. At the red filling station both cars drank thirstily till they could drink no more, then with a leap and a roar the Big Shiny Car sped on its way. But this time its driver called, "Thanks, old man," and the car itself waved its taillight in friendly farewell as it disappeared over the hill.

"Hm-m-m!" the Little Tin Car chuckled to its speedometer, as it rattled off the miles to the Great City; "you can't always tell by a car's looks how much it gets to a gallon."

## Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 263*)

**"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.**—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
**"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.**—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
**"The Silent House," Morosco.**—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.
**"Strange Interlude," John Golden.**—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in *O'Neill's finest.*
**"The Happy Husband," Empire.**—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.
**"Porgy," Republic.**—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.
**"The Royal Family," Selwyn.**—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it *sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as* it should be.
**"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.**—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

### Best Musical Shows

**"Funny Face," Alvin.**—The Astaires, Gershwin *music; best on Broadway.*
**"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.**—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.
**"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.**—Good lyrics and *music; not much Mark Twain.*
**"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.**—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.
**"Present Arms," Lew Fields.**—A very entertaining summer musical show.

## The Movies

(*See page 268*)

**"Abie's Irish Rose."**—Just like the play. It's a system.
**"The Big City."**—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
**"The Big Noise."**—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
**"Burning Daylight."**—Won't set fire to anything.
**"The Chaser."**—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
**"Chicago."**—Just like the play—this is praise.
**"The Circus."**—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
**"The Crowd."**—A sad story, beautifully directed.
**"Doomsday."**—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
**"Dressed to Kill."**—The ace of the crook plays.
**"Drums of Love."**—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
**"Four Sons."**—It's a fine film, but too long.
**"The Gaucho."**—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
**"Glorious Betsy."**—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
**"Hangman's House."**—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
**"The Jazz Singer."**—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
**"Kentucky Courage."**—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
**"The Last Command."**—The great Jannings. See it.
**"The Last Moment."**—Good photography, but little else.
**"The Legion of the Condemned."**—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
**"Love."**—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
**"The Man Who Laughs."**—An *impressive*, entertaining picture.
**"Mother Machree."**—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
**"A Night of Mystery."**—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
**"The Noose."**—A *moderately absorbing* film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
**"Partners in Crime."**—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
**"The Patsy."**—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
**"The Raider 'Emden.'"**—The Germans can make bad pictures, too. This is one of them.
**"Ramona."**—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
**"Red Hair."**—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
**"Sadie Thompson."**—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
**"The Secret Hour."**—Pola Negri in a good picture.
**"Simba."**—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
**"Skyscraper."**—Thoroughly enjoyable.
**"The Smart Set."**—William Haines at his worst.
**"Something Always Happens."**—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
**"Speedy."**—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
**"Stand and Deliver."**—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
**"Steamboat Bill, Jr."**—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
**"Street Angel."**—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
**"Sunrise."**—Dr. Murnau's *supreme* achievement.
**"Tempest."**—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
**"Tenderloin."**—The first (and worst) talking movie.
**"Three Sinners."**—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
**"The Trail of '98."**—The grandest scenes now on view.
**"Two Lovers."**—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
**"We Americans."**—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
**"Wings."**—The great epic of the war-birds.

## Arctic Danger Spots and Seasons

(*Continued from page 259*)

September and October again bec bad, though not so dangerous as Ma

Nobile was, then, using as a base the most dangerous month of the y a group of islands really situated in North Atlantic, with every safety feat missing which nature provides in Arctic. Indeed, the conditions we more dangerous than among strict Atlantic islands (such as the Faro for instance). The combination mountains, glaciers, Gulf Stream, a southward flowing fragments of disin grating Arctic pack made the natu situation even worse than if Spitsberg lay on the Newfoundland Banks, treac erous as the Banks are.

As I write the whole world is in su pense for Nobile and his comrad Brave men, doing the most danger thing possible in the Arctic, they h luck with them for a while. They ma a voyage of several days and did mana to return to the improbable safety Spitsbergen. But now we fear they a in direst straits, and it is hidden ju where that is, so we cannot well go their rescue. The balloon may ha kept the air for some time after her f gave out, and she may have drifted the Siberian coast. There safety is p sible, both through the efforts of crew itself and through the kindness natives. If a landing was made in wa the story is doubtless over now. If Italia crashed into a mountain p through the fog, as Wilkins and Eiel might have done, there is no telling w happened. Possibly some or all of crew were saved. They may yet ar at one of the Spitsbergen settlements may be rescued by search expedition

If the Italia crew landed on south floating ice, they could probably picked up if they were able to send r messages giving their latitude and l tude. Failing that, a watch migh kept by a cordon of ships trying to amine every gradually melting cake as drifts into the Gulf Stream or swerves a more westerly course and is gather into the maelstrom of ice that flo south along the Greenland coast. either of such cases, the chance of safe is small.

While we wait in suspense for th news we have two hopes—that Nobil and his comrades may have miraculousl escaped, and that (until airplanes an dirigibles are more perfect) treacherou Spitsbergen shall be little used as flying base either to arrive at from r mote places or to return to from any bu the briefest excursions.



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